

J. HARRIS CHAPPELL, A.M., Ph.D.

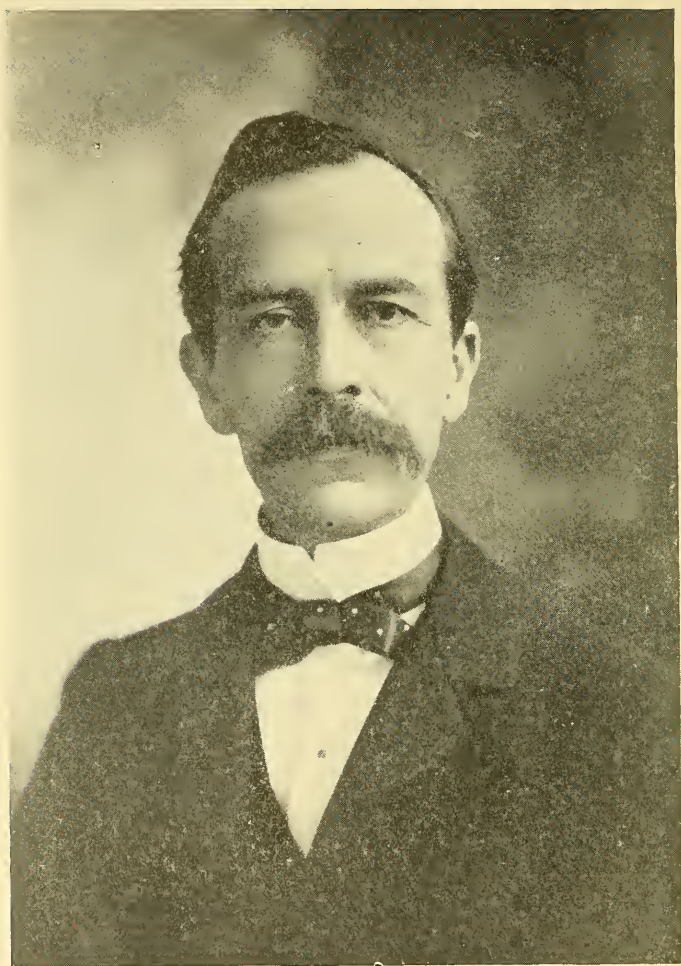


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Your true friend,
J. Harris Chappell.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESSES

OF

J. HARRIS CHAPPELL, A. M., Ph.D.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRADUATING CLASSES

OF THE

GEORGIA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

FOR THE YEARS 1891-1904, INCLUSIVE.

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Baccalaureate Addresses



J. HARRIS CHAPPELL, A.M., Ph.D.

1965

INTRODUCTION.

The speeches included in this volume are the baccalaureate addresses of President J. Harris Chappell, before the graduating classes of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, for the years 1891-1904, inclusive.

Probably no man has more deeply influenced the character of the young womanhood of the State than has Dr. Chappell. For thirty-one years a teacher, he has touched hundreds of young lives, and by his earnest, faithful labors, his sympathetic interest, and his high ideal of womanhood, he has exerted a mighty power for good. In addition to his personal intercourse he has been, through his lectures and addresses, a source of inspiration to many who have never been brought into intimate relation with him, for he possesses the rare and beautiful gift of eloquence, and that grace and charm of manner that carries his audience with him, making it think as he thinks and feels as he feels. And the thought and feeling are always noble. He has held up before his pupils examples of right living, not in the passionless outlines of maxim or precept, but voiced in language so rich, so beautiful, so persuasive, that the lessons he has taught have sunk deep into the minds and hearts of his hearers to ripen into a rich fruitage of aspiration and achievement.

It seems especially fitting that the task of collecting these addresses and preserving them in more durable shape should be undertaken by those whom he so tenderly loved, and for whose encouragement they were first spoken. This little volume will be to many a cherished possession, recalling the sunny days of youth, the dreams of girlhood, old friends, and, above all, the beloved teacher who stood to them in their college-days as the representative of all that was strong, true and of good report.

May the messages he has delivered of aspiration and hope, of earnestness and devotion to duty, be to the many who shall read them as they have to those who heard them, an incentive to noble endeavor.

JULIA A. FLISCH.

*Georgia Normal and Industrial College,
February, 1905.*

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NOTE.—In 1900 and again in 1903 the College was closed without the usual Commencement exercises on account of the prevalence of an infectious disease, hence there was no baccalaureate address in either of those years.

“What More Could Have Been Done Unto My
Vineyard That I Have Not Done Unto It?”

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: I wish to call your attention this morning to a certain beautiful passage in the Bible, which I read to you several weeks ago at our morning exercises. I do not know that you paid any particular attention to it then; I do not know that it then made any decided impression upon your minds, but I do wish you to pay particular attention to it this morning, I do wish it now to make a decided impression upon your minds. It is an allegory, uttered by that grand old prophet and poet Isaiah, in the palm-groves of Syria three thousand years ago, but I wish you to give it this morning a present and a personal interpretation. Here it is: “I will sing to my well beloved a song of my well beloved touching his vineyard. My well beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill, and he fenced it and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a wine-press therein; and he looked for it to bring forth grapes and it brought forth wild grapes. And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge I pray you betwixt me and my vineyard. What more could have been done unto my vineyard that I have not done unto it? Wherefore then, when I looked for it to bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? And now go to, I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof and it shall be eaten

up, and break down the wall thereof and it shall be trodden down; and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned nor digged, but there shall come up in it briers and thorns; I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it."

Young ladies, less than one year ago, the State of Georgia established a vineyard in a very fruitful hill, and planted it with the choicest vine and appointed the best of vine-dressers to take care of it. The whole people of Georgia rejoiced to see the planting of that vineyard; rejoiced to see it strike root and live instead of dying in the stock, as many feared it would do; rejoiced when it put forth first the tender bud, then the expanded leaf, and then the clusters of inconspicuous blossoms. Men and women from all parts of the commonwealth of Georgia and from other States, men and women of culture and distinction, the best people in the land, came hundreds of miles, with love in their hearts, to see that vineyard; travelers going up and down in the land turned aside from their journey to look upon that vineyard; the stranger and the wayfaring man paused as they passed by to gaze upon it—and each and all, visitors, travelers, strangers, pronounced upon the vineyard a heartfelt benediction. And now, after nine months of strong, vigorous growth, in this genial summer season, under the ripening influences of grateful showers and these silver suns of June, that vineyard offers its first fruits to the world. The State of Georgia, the people of Georgia, look for it to bring forth grapes! My young friends, shall they be disappointed? Will it bring forth wild grapes?

Young ladies, your Alma Mater, the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, has been more flattered, more complimented, more praised, more no-

ticed, more tenderly cared for, more deeply and truly beloved in the first year of its life than any other educational institution that ever stood on Georgia soil. How truly may the State exclaim: "What more could have been done unto my vineyard that I have not done unto it?" And that is very well. I do not know that too much care, too much love can be bestowed upon an educational institution. But I must tell you that I have sometimes feared for the effect of the excessive praise, or rather the premature praise, that has been bestowed upon this school. Already everybody says that the Georgia Normal and Industrial College is a success. Our noble Governor here says that it is a success; our State School Commissioner says that it is a success; our Board of Directors and Board of Lady Visitors say it is a success; and all the newspapers in Georgia say that it is a success; the hundreds of visitors from all parts of the State who have passed through our classrooms during the session and watched you at work say that it is a success; everybody says that it is a success, a great success, a brilliant success, a grand success! And yet, young ladies, when I was in Macon a few weeks ago, and an acquaintance of mine said to me very bluntly and rather ill-manneredly I thought: "Now, Chappell, honor bright, is that Girls' Industrial School a success?" I replied to him: "I do not know whether it is a success or not, that remains to be seen." And, young ladies, it does remain to be seen. So if any one asks me if the Girls' Industrial School is a success, I say to him: "Don't ask me; don't ask any one who has reason to be either partial or prejudiced; don't ask people who judge from superficial appearances only; don't ask people who speak from the lip outward;

don't ask people who talk from hearsay; indeed, don't ask any one yet, just wait awhile; just wait six months or a year until our first class of graduates has gone into the world, until they shall have had time to come in vital contact with Georgia's civilization, until they have become part and parcel of Georgia's social system, and then go into any community where one of our graduates lives, moves and has her being, and ask your question there. Don't ask it of fools and simpletons; ask it of the very best people in the community and of those who have had the best opportunities of judging. Ask it of the business man who has employed one of our graduates as a stenographer or a bookkeeper, ask it of the lady whose dress she has made, ask it of the first plain countryman or countrywoman whom you meet whose little child she has taught. Go into her own family circle and ask it of her father, her mother, her sisters, her brothers; ask it of the family house-servant and the family cook—ask these people, "Do you think the Georgia Normal and Industrial College is a success?"

Last summer just before this school opened, I received a letter from a lady whose daughter is now a pupil in the school, a member of one of our lower classes, and in that letter the lady said: "Since that school was first spoken of several years ago I have looked forward to sending my daughter to it. She is now just old enough to go. I have read your prospectus carefully, and I believe it is just the kind of school to train a girl into a useful and noble womanhood. I send her to you, Mr. President, with my heart full of hope for what your institution may do for her." Now just wait until we shall have sent that daughter home to that mother's heart, and then go ask that mother the question, "Is that Girls' In-

dustrial School a success?" Upon the verdict that you get from these sources let the reputation of this school be based. By the answers that you get from these fountain-heads of truth let the Georgia Normal and Industrial College stand or fall. By its fruits let this tree be judged. And, young ladies, by its fruits it will be judged.

We send you out as the first fruits of this tree. We send you out as the first exemplars of this progressive and aggressive experiment in female education. As you go forth into the world you will be encompassed by such a cloud of witnesses as never before watched with critic's eye the graduates of any school in Georgia. Just in proportion as extraordinary love and extraordinary care have been bestowed upon this school, extraordinary results will be expected. You are the servant upon whom ten talents have been bestowed, and ten other talents will be expected of you in return. God grant that you may not disappoint these expectations. God grant that on account of no shortcoming, no unfaithfulness, no lack of earnestness on your part, the State of Georgia shall ever have reason to strike our hearts with the bitter cry: "What more could have been done unto my vineyard that I have not done unto it? Wherefore, then, when I looked for it to bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" For grapes and not wild grapes are expected of this vineyard. Educational wild grapes are not wanted. There is a superabundance of them already. Count the fashionable female colleges in the land and you will get exactly the number of vines that are producing them. The woods are full of them. Something better than these are expected of this vineyard, and if this vineyard does not produce something better the people of Georgia will, sooner or later,

pronounce upon it the just but terrible sentence: "And now go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof and it shall be eaten up, and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down, and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned or digged; but there shall come up in it briers and thorns; and I will command the clouds to rain no rain upon it!" God grant that such a sentence may never fall. God grant that you, by your manners, by your culture, by your work, by your character, by your whole walk and conduct in life, may illustrate to the people a better kind of education than has ever before been given by any female college in this State or in any other State. God grant that as you and each successive class of graduates go forth from these walls to become a part and parcel of Georgia's complex social system, the commonwealth may feel more and more from year to year, through all the nerve-centers of her being, the energizing, vitalizing, ennobling influence of this school, so that the people shall rise up and call it blessed and the State shall say to its founders, "You builded better than you knew!"

So you see, young ladies, that as the first graduates of this institution a grave responsibility rests upon you; but it ought not to be a depressing responsibility; on the contrary it ought to be a deep and noble inspiration to you. It ought to arouse to action all of the best and highest powers of your nature; it ought to make you very earnest girls. And I believe to a great extent it will. I believe you will go forth from this institution with a far nobler, a far more earnest purpose in life than usually characterizes the graduates of female colleges. Now let me beg you, do not, like weaklings, like cowards,

basely abandon this noble purpose just as soon as you come in contact with the hard, trying actualities of life. Do not allow the glitter and glare of worldly vanities to efface from your minds the beautiful ideals which we hope this school has impressed upon you, so that in a year or two they will fade away from the horizon of your being as the crimson blush fades from the morning sky.

You know that your education is not completed with your graduation from this institution. Indeed it is only fairly begun. All that we can hope for is that this school, together with all the schools that have gone before us, has laid well the foundation upon which you must rear the superstructure. So go on striving to educate yourselves, to develop yourselves in the direction of the best and noblest tendencies of your nature. Strive earnestly and constantly to develop yourselves into a useful, a cultured and a Christian womanhood. I say first into a useful womanhood! You know the principal object of this college is to so educate Georgia girls that they will become useful women. That is what differentiates this college from nearly all other colleges in the world. The principal aim of nearly all other female colleges is to make women ornamental, and all other things are subordinated to that object; but the principal aim of this college is to make women useful, and all other things are subordinated to that object. That is why in this institution girls are taught how to teach school, how to write shorthand, how to manipulate the typewriter, how to keep books, how to make dresses, how to do industrial drawing, how to cook, how to make up their own rooms, how to wash dishes and set the table, how to be neat and orderly and industrious in all things. That is what is meant by practical education. All these things

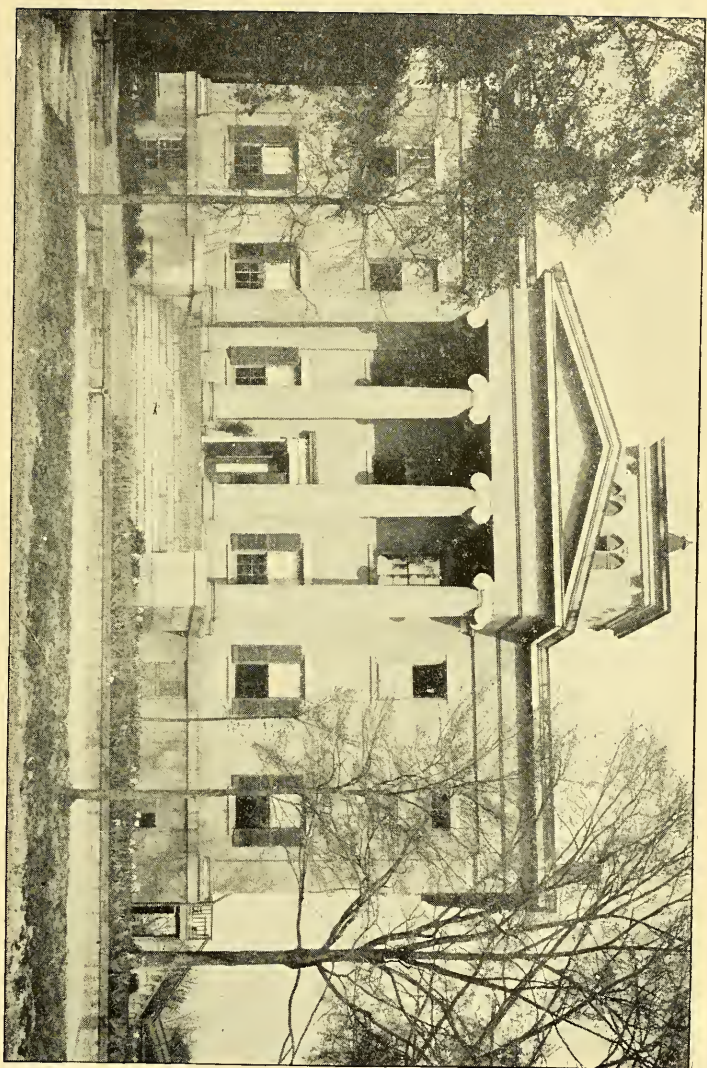
tend to make Georgia girls useful, and if they so choose, independent women. This is a new idea in female college education, and Georgia is one of the first States to take hold of it with a strong, vigorous hand, and God will bless Georgia for doing it. But let us be thankful that in establishing this Girls' Industrial School the State of Georgia did not truckle to that narrow-minded utilitarianism that is so prevalent in the spirit of the age. Not satisfied with giving her beloved young daughters a purely and exclusively practical education, she goes beyond that and gives them something more, gives them something if not better at least on a higher plane.

Referring to the vineyard of which we have been speaking, did you observe one peculiar feature about it? Did you notice that it says he made a winepress in the vineyard and also "built a tower in the midst of it?" Now what does the tower in the vineyard mean? Well, as far as our use of the metaphor is concerned it means the higher education that this school undertakes to give. It means all of those studies that are pursued in this school for their pure, ennobling culture value. It means some part of your physics and your chemistry; it means a very large part of your Latin; it means nearly all of your English and American poets; it means absolutely all of your Shakespeare and your astronomy. These are not practical studies, but they are none the less valuable because they are not. Their main purpose is not to furnish you with the means of making a living for yourselves, their purpose is not to make your animal life more comfortable, more pleasant, more luxurious; their purpose is simply to broaden your minds, to refine your hearts, to uplift, edify and ennoble the immortal spirit which Almighty God has placed in your material bodies. From of

old these studies have been the pabulum from which the greatest minds of earth have gathered beauty and strength and power; and there is not a school-girl or a college-girl now in the world to whom Almighty God has given brain power enough to assimilate any part of these noble studies who will not be a better woman, a happier woman, and in the broad sense of the word, a more useful woman, for having studied them. So, young ladies, in whatever environment you may be placed in life, however vehemently the apostles of materialism may preach to you their narrow, repressing gospel of utilitarianism, never for one moment, even in your innermost hearts, allow yourselves to lose faith in the priceless value of these noble culture studies. Never "like the base Indian throw away this jewel, the most precious pearl of all its fellows." Be thankful that the State of Georgia in establishing this great school for her beloved young daughters was not content to make of them mere workwomen, however proficient, however useful, but goes beyond that and tries to give them that broad and liberal education which will develop them into a cultured womanhood, which will make them indeed "like the corner-stones polished after the similitude of a temple." Be thankful that the State of Georgia in planning this beautiful vineyard did not forget to build a tower in the midst of it; and, young ladies, do you not forget to sometimes leave off "treading the wine-press" to climb to the top of that tower, so that your minds may be expanded by the sweep of a broader horizon, so that your souls may be edified by a clearer view of the ever-burning stars of God, so that your lives may be attuned to their sublime and rhythmic movements.

But, young ladies, in conclusion, let me say to you

that higher than the vineyard, higher than the wine-press in the vineyard, higher than the tower that rises above the vineyard and the wine-press, higher than the ever-burning stars that look so serenely down upon the tower, there is a transcendent, supreme education towards which you should ever strive, that education which will develop you into a Christian womanhood! More important than any truth your industrial education can give you, more important than any truth your practical education can give you, more important than any truth your culture education can give you, is that oldest, simplest, sublimest of all truths: God made man in his own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul, and man's whole duty is to love God, to serve him, to worship him, and to enjoy him forever! That truth once well forgotten, I know of nothing in the world that is worth remembering; that truth once thoroughly disbelieved in, I know of nothing in the universe that is worth the faith of man! Without that great, central, guiding truth human life, even at its very best, is at last "a thing of sound and fury, signifying nothing." So, my dear young friends, as a very last word to you to-day, with all the earnestness that my heart can feel or my lips can utter, I would say to you: Remember that truth, believe in that truth, strive to walk by that truth in every step that you shall take in your mysterious journey across this earth "from eternity onward towards eternity," until the Almighty in his own good time shall reveal this mystery to you and what you now "see through a glass darkly, you may then see face to face" in another world where supernal beauty dwells and the rainbow never fades!



THE MANSION.
HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE GEORGIA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

“What Good Thing Can You Show Us?”

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: I have an indistinct recollection of having read somewhere, years ago, in some old book, possibly it may have been the Bible, but I am not sure, a story about a king who was so renowned for his wisdom that as he traveled through the country throngs of people would gather around him, and looking up into his face would cry out eagerly, “Oh, mighty king and seer, what good thing can you show us?” My young friends, I believe I realize at this moment the feelings of that king as that eager cry greeted his ears, for as I look into your bright, expectant faces it seems to me I can see written upon every lineament of your countenance the importunate demand, “What good thing can you show us?” and I feel as if I would be willing to coin my very life’s blood into words if I could thereby show you something full worthy of this noble occasion, if I could thereby give tongue to utterances that would fall upon your hearts and souls a golden benediction for time and for eternity; but, young ladies, let me tell you that during the whole twenty years that I have been teaching school, during the whole twenty years that I have stood as teacher before boys and girls, before youths and maidens, before young men and young women, I have never yet been able to answer, as I thought it should be answered, that eager, importunate cry that ever flows from the young human soul, “What good thing can you show us?” Much less am I able to give it an adequate

answer on this impressive occasion, when I behold you on this sweet June day, at this critical period of your life, in your beautiful maidenhood, "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." But, young ladies, let me tell you furthermore that it is not only kings and seers and teachers that must answer that demand, "What good thing can you show us?" Every human soul in this world must answer it to every other human soul with which it comes in contact. Two strangers meet on the highway of life, hand clasps hand, eye looks into eye, soul searches soul, and each of the other asks, "Now, what good thing can you show me?" Ten thousand times every hour in the day that little drama of deep significance is enacted in this world of ours. Not a new girl entered that dormitory over yonder while it was your home this session but from the secret heart of every one of you there, there went out the silent query, "We wonder what good thing she can show us?" what beauty of person, what grace of manner, what charm of intellect, what nobility of character? Not a new teacher stepped into your classrooms this session but he was confronted by a hundred bright, watching eyes with the silent, eloquent appeal, "What good thing can you show us?" Not a stranger goes to make his home in any city or in any community or any household but from all the inhabitants thereof goes out the demand, "What good thing can you show us?" And, young ladies, as you go out into the world and into life that demand will be made of you constantly, imperatively, importunately.

You know that old story about the sphynx that stood by the roadside and asked a riddle of every passer-by; but by whatever route you go out from this institution, whether by the north or the east, or

the west or the south, by your roadside there stands a spirit ten thousand times more importunate than the sphynx that will ask of you no riddle, but that deep, solemn, serious question: "What good thing can you show us?" Into whatever community, into whatever neighborhood, into whatever household or home you may enter, that spirit is there awaiting you, ready to say: "You have been to the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, that Georgia Normal and Industrial College about which we have heard so much, upon which the State of Georgia has lavished so much money, and that claims to be in the very van and forefront of modern educational progress. You bear the sign manual of its approval in your hand, now, what good thing can you show us?" Young ladies, whether you will or not, for better or for worse, you must answer that demand, and there are four ways in which you must answer it. First, you must answer it by your handiwork; second, you must answer it by your intellectual culture; third, you must answer it by your character; and fourth, you must answer it by your religious faith. First, I say, you must answer it by your handiwork. What is woman's handiwork? Let us see. On the very first page of the Bible we are told that God gave man the earth to subdue it and have dominion over it, and just a little further on we read that "God put man in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it," and that "God made woman to be a helpmeet unto man." Subsequently, by mutual agreement between these partners, man and woman, a division of labor was made, and now throughout the civilized world it is universally understood that man's distinctive share of the work is "to subdue the earth and have dominion over it," and woman's distinctive share of the work is "to dress the garden

and to keep it." That, then, is woman's handiwork, to dress and keep the garden in which Almighty God has placed her; for every woman who has a home or any semblance of a home, however bare and meager—nay, though it be but the four walls of her own bedchamber—has there a garden to dress and to keep. In her own person she has a garden which she is bound to dress, and to keep always perfectly sweet and pure and wholesome, and clothed in the very best and most becoming garments, and beautified with the most appropriate adornments that her taste can devise and her means can afford. In her own bedroom she has a garden which she is bound to keep always exquisitely clean and neat and orderly, and as far as in her lies, bright and sunny and cheery. In the parlor, in the dining-room, in the kitchen, in the flower-garden, in the nursery, in the sick-room, she has a garden, demanding in a thousand ways her constant care, and the forming, reforming, transforming touch of her woman's handiwork. This dressing and keeping of the garden, this housekeeping, this home-making, is woman's first, most imperative, paramount duty in this world. Some of you may know the story of Marie Bashkirtseff, that poor Russian girl, high-born, gifted and beautiful, who died a few years ago in Italy, literally consumed to death by her burning desire to be a great artist, to paint beautiful pictures that might make her famous in her own and in coming generations; but a nobler ambition than that which killed poor Marie Bashkirtseff is that which fills the heart of a woman who tries to make her own home a picture of perfect beauty and loveliness. For every woman that is the noblest of all accomplishments, the very finest of the fine arts. Or, to put the whole matter in one short, prosaic sentence,

woman's prime function in human society is domestic utility; and in this school we have emphasized that function more perhaps than was ever done in any Southern educational institution before.

The very first rule of your dormitory, as appears on the printed card, is "Students must rise early, dress neatly, and put their rooms in perfect order before breakfast;" that means domestic utility. The most popular industrial taught in this institution, and the only study taught in the entire college that employs two teachers, is dressmaking; that means domestic utility.

No girl is allowed to graduate from this institution until she has taken a thorough, full year's course in cooking; that means domestic utility. And I earnestly trust that, as the years go by, this domestic utility feature of our work may be more and more emphasized and rendered constantly more and more thoroughly practical, so that hereafter, whenever a graduate goes out from this institution and the people of Georgia demand of her "What good thing can you show us?" she will be able to respond with joyous alacrity by her skill in these plain but noble household arts; so that wherever she may go in this broad commonwealth "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for her, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" so that at the touch of her woman's handiwork bare, bald, ugly places in Georgia homes may gradually disappear, and "in place of the brier shall come up the fir-tree, and in place of the thorn shall come up the myrtle-tree."

It has not been a great many years, young ladies, since even in the most highly civilized countries in the world this domestic utility was regarded as woman's only proper sphere; for her energies of mind and heart there was absolutely nothing be-

yond domestic utility, or as the hateful Iago, in Shakespeare's Othello, sarcastically puts it, all that woman was worth in the world was "to nurse young fools and chronicle small beer." But, thank heaven, that idea, with its stunting tendencies on the female mind, has passed away. Modern civilization has raised woman to a higher plane than that; modern civilization is building woman up on a nobler plan than that, and now beyond the narrow confines of her domestic utility sweeps the broad horizon of her intellectual culture. So when you go out from this institution and the people of Georgia call to you, "What good thing can you show us?" they will expect in reply not only domestic utility, but the strong, gentle, pervasive influence of your intellectual culture. What is intellectual culture? In the first place, let me tell you, young ladies, that mere knowledge and learning and scholarship, however profound, however thorough, however accurate, do not of themselves constitute culture. I have known many, many men and women, who had all of that and who were yet very far from being persons of culture; but the fine, ennobling effect of knowledge on mind, heart, character and conduct—that is culture.

A knowledge of Latin or Greek, that is not culture, but through the matchless languages of Greece and Rome to put yourself in touch with the master minds of that olden time, and to feel the thrill of their mighty thoughts through all the nerve-centers of your being and to have your own language improved thereby, and your own mind expanded thereby, and your own sentiments liberalized thereby, that is culture. A knowledge of poetry and literature, that is not culture, though you should read and study a thousand volumes on the subject, but to

attune your own heart-strings to the sweetest and noblest music of the poet's lyre, that is culture. To look at human life and human nature as pictured and ennobled by the profound and myriad-minded Shakespeare, and to have your own humanity deepened and broadened thereby, that is culture. A knowledge of the Bible, that is not culture, though you should be able to relate every story and tell every incident and quote every text from Genesis to Revelations; but to dwell in spirit with poor, patient Job under the palm-trees of Arabia, and to listen to him as he pours out his suffering soul in prayers and hosannas to the ever-living God, and to feel your own heart deeply touched thereby, and your own soul uplifted, edified and rendered forever more worshipful thereby, that is culture. A knowledge of astronomy, that is not culture, but to go out on these sweet June nights and stand beneath the blue, bending skies and with a seer's loving eye to watch the complex movements of the planets and the grand procession of constellations in their everlasting march athwart the firmament, to hearken to the music of the spheres, to listen with rapt attention to the songs sung by those silent stars, and to strive to harmonize your own life with their perfect rhythmic movements, that is culture. Knowledge merely grasped by the intellect, knowledge merely comprehended by the understanding is not culture, but only that knowledge that is assimilated by the immortal spirit that dwells in your mortal bodies is true culture. Knowledge that ministers to personal vanity and personal ambition, knowledge that is made subservient to any purely personal and selfish end, is not culture; but only that knowledge that helps you to understand your right relations to the universe around you, that knowledge that is a revelation to

you of your humblest as well as your highest duty in human life, that knowledge that helps you to overcome the downward tendencies of your poor human nature, that helps you to keep your soul erect and ever aspiring towards its God; only such knowledge is true culture.

So the only knowledge that is true culture for a girl is that which beautifies and improves her character, that makes her language better, her conversation more intelligent, her manners more gentle and refined, her heart more loving and charitable, her aspirations higher and her whole nature nobler; in a word, that knowledge that enters as a vital principle into her daily life, influencing unconsciously for good her every thought, her every word and her every act. Young ladies, if your higher education does not do that for you, your higher education is a failure, though you should be able to stand the most searching examination that every teacher in the State of Georgia could give you. The people of Georgia have a right to expect culture like that from every graduate of this institution. The people of Georgia have a right to expect that every one of you, into whatever community you may go, of whatever household you may become a member, over whatever home you may preside, shall carry with you there the strong, gentle, refining, ennobling, pervasive though unobtrusive influence of this high and noble culture. But it is needless for me to say to you that no college on earth can, of itself, give you completely such culture as this. All that the best college in the world can do is to prepare the soil and sow the seed; it is for you to determine what the harvest shall be. All that the best college in the world can do is to give you an arc of the circle of an higher education; it is for you to bring that arc

full circle home; and to do that will require on your part constant, earnest, thoughtful effort at self-improvement. So only can culture have its perfect work; so only when the people of Georgia call to you, "What good thing can you show us?" will you be able to respond with that mighty factor in the upbuilding of a higher civilization, a deeply, thoroughly, nobly cultured womanhood. But, young ladies, culture like this presupposes a native nobility of character. You can not build up a noble culture on an ignoble character. The monster Caliban, in Shakespeare's play of the *Tempest*, is an example of an attempt to do so with its resulting failure; and in these days of education and overeducation we frequently meet with persons whose moral nature is unable to support or sustain the generous culture that has been bestowed upon them. Culture is dependent for its worth upon character, but character possesses a value entirely independent of culture and infinitely higher than culture, and, young ladies, you may be sure that in whatever situation you may be placed in life your character will count for more than your culture, for more than your talents, for more than your accomplishments, for more than anything else that enters into the composition of your individuality. Nearly every kind of human ability is sometimes put in situations where it is so "cabined, cribbed, confined" by circumstances, that it has no chance to show itself, and goes unrecognized and unfelt; but such is not the case with character. Character is always recognized, character is always felt, character always tells for all that it is truly worth. For many years Stonewall Jackson was a plodding professor in an obscure college, and no one suspected the truth, that he was a man of great and original genius, but every student in that

college, during all those years, recognized and felt the extraordinary purity and nobility of his character, just as clearly as it was afterwards realized by General Lee and the great Confederate army. For thirty years Oliver Cromwell was an obscure farmer among the hills of Northern England, and no one divined the wonderful resources of his intellect, but his force of character was felt in that little community in which he lived, moved and had his being just as powerfully as it was afterwards felt by the whole great English nation.

And so, young ladies, you may be put in situations in life where your intellectual superiority, if you have any, will not be worth much to you, where your talent may avail you little, where your accomplishments will be absolutely useless, but you never can be placed in any spot on God's inhabited earth, in association with your fellow beings, where whatever purity, whatever force, whatever nobility of character you may possess will not be recognized, will not be felt, will not tell for all that it is truly worth. So, after all, character is the main thing; and when you go out into the world and the people call to you, "What good thing can you show us?" the best and highest that you can show is a thoroughly womanly character; a womanly character with its four priceless jewels: modesty, purity, truth and love. Modesty, purity, truth and love, the emerald, pearl, ruby and diamond of a womanly character, polished by the hand of a noble culture and set in the gold of an earnest purpose—may such be the diadem that shall crown your womanhood! But in what light shall these jewels shine? Whence comes the light that most glorifies womanly character, that most glorifies manly character, that most glorifies human life, human nature and everything in

this world of ours? Does it not come from above? Does it not come from that same heaven whence beamed the light at creation's dawn, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Does it not come from that same heaven whence poured the light that fell upon Moses on Sinai, upon the watching shepherds on the plains of Judea, upon the Saviour of mankind on the mount of transfiguration, and that played like a halo around the Virgin's brow? Young ladies, human life never has been, human life never can be, glorified and truly ennobled by any other light than that. What is the finest product of the human soul? I heard that query asked in your Normal Reading Circle a few weeks ago, but it went unanswered, I believe. Religious faith would be my answer to it, for I believe more strongly and more deeply than I believe in any other thing that has ever been submitted to the consideration of my mind, that simple, childlike, sublime belief in God, love of God, worship of God, is the very highest thing to which any human being ever has attained or ever can attain in this world. This religious faith, this belief in something beyond this life, better than this life, to which this life stands vitally related, is an instinct. It is an instinct planted by the hand of nature in the inmost core of our being. It is an intuition. It is the deepest, strongest, holiest, sublimest of all human intuitions. It is the motive of man's noblest living and the source of his highest inspirations and aspirations. God grant that it may never be displaced in your hearts by that horrible nightmare of materialism that is now so prevalent in the world; that horrible nightmare of materialism with its gospel of dirt that is now being preached from the housetops all over the world, and that tells you that that old, simple, sublime religion

is all a lie; that there is no God, that you have no soul, that you came from frog spawn through a monkey, and that when you die you must rot like the vilest worm that crawls upon the face of the earth and that is the end of all and the all of human life.

God grant that the greatest potential joys of your hearts and the noblest powers of your souls may never be paralyzed and deadened by this hideous doctrine of Atheism. God grant that the old, simple, sublime worshipful belief in God, Heaven and immortality may ever be the dominating influence in your life, for so only can you attain to the highest development of your nature; so only can you give the noblest of answers when the world calls to you, "What good thing can you show us?" In your mysterious journey across this earth "from eternity onward towards eternity," that demand will be made of you at every step, and oh, how much depends upon how you shall answer it. Your own individual prosperity, the happiness of homes and households, the peace and joy of communities, the purity and righteousness of society, the upbuilding of Georgia's civilization, the progress of the human race, and the salvation of immortal souls, all depend, in a greater or less degree, upon how you shall answer that demand; and then perhaps in future years little children, fresh from the hands of God, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, may gather around your knees, and with lovelit eyes and trustful hearts may look up into your faces and cry "What good thing can you show us?" Oh, then a greater responsibility than ever rested upon king or seer or teacher will rest upon you to give a right and noble answer. God help you to give it.

And now, young ladies, as a very last word to you to-day, if I might do so without any appear-

ance of sacrilege or profanation, I would fain lay my hands upon the head of each one of you with the beautiful benediction of the Episcopal prayer-book: "Defend, O Lord, this thy child, with thy heavenly grace, that she may continue thine forever, and daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more until she come to thine everlasting kingdom."

"Music of the Spheres."

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: I am very glad that I shall begin my farewell words to you this morning while your heart-strings are yet vibrating with the music of that sweet song which we have just heard and whose echoes yet linger in the atmosphere around us. There is nothing in the world about which I am more ignorant than I am about music, and yet I wish to talk to you about music this morning. A number of years ago I saw the great violinist, Ole Bull, stand before an audience of five thousand people and play that simple little air, Lilly Dale, and it seemed to me that the doors of heaven had been thrown open, and the voices of angels and arch-angels seemed to be coming down from the empyrean to breathe divine harmonies through the swaying body of that white-haired old man as he stood there before the footlights with his little instrument and his flashing bow. A deathlike stillness such as I have never seen equaled in any other large assembly of men and women pervaded that vast audience. The people sat there literally spellbound, and every face was lit up with that peculiar spirituelle expression that never comes into the human countenance except when the deepest and holiest emotions of the soul are aroused. I once heard the great singer, Christine Nilsson, sing "Rock of Ages Cleft for me," in a fashionable church at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in the very height of the gay season. Perhaps a more worldly-minded, pleasure-seeking,

money-loving congregation than sat before her was never assembled in any temple of the living God, but the sweet singer's voice and that grand old hymn struck the religious chord away down in those worldly hearts, and every face there fairly glowed with spiritual beauty, and strong men bowed their heads to conceal their emotion. The renowned scientist—Charles Darwin—tells us somewhere in his autobiography that when he was a child and a youth he was intensely sensitive to music, but as he grew older and devoted his whole mind, heart and soul to the study of the material world, that faculty of his nature that loved music and religion became gradually weakened and finally completely atrophied from long disuse. He lost his love of music, he lost his belief in religion, but he says that every now and then when in pursuing some scientific investigation he reached a point where the human understanding could go no further and he was left standing, as it were, upon the very brink of eternity gazing helplessly in the fathomless depths of infinitude, his whole being would be thrilled by a profound emotion precisely like that which certain strains of music used to make him feel in his earlier years, and for one brief moment his old, simple, child-like belief in God, heaven and immortality would come back to him.

So, young ladies, all deep things—all deep thought, all deep feeling—is musical: all deep thought, all deep feeling is religious. God's universe is one grand diapason of music! That beautiful fable of the old Greeks about the "music of the spheres" is but a figurative expression of this truth. God's universe is one grand, sublime diapason of music, and man's whole duty is to attune his life to that music. That, my young friends, is the text

of the farewell words that I wish to speak to you this morning. Keep your life attuned to the music of the spheres, to the deep and everlasting harmonies of God's eternal laws!

That human body of yours, that human body of flesh and blood, made of the dust of the earth by God himself,—what a musical instrument it is! How beautifully, wonderfully, harmoniously made! Every fiber of it was wrought by the Almighty, and every nerve-chord in it was stretched by his hand and attuned by him to the music of the spheres. Keep it in tune! Take care of your bodily health! Commonplace as that injunction may seem, there is nothing more important that I can say to you in this farewell address. There is no sin that young women are more prone to commit, there is no sin that you will be more apt to commit than violating the laws of physical health. I say sin, because it is just as much a sin to violate the laws of health as it is to break the commandments, for the laws of health are just as much God's laws as the ten commandments are God's laws.

Temperance lecturers and moralists are constantly railing at men for injuring their health and weakening their manhood by dissipation and debauchery, but how is it with the women of the generation? Only a few weeks ago an association of eminent physicians at the North, after a long, painstaking and conscientious investigation, published this terrible fact to the world, that nervous diseases among women had increased twentyfold within the last forty years, and that this was owing entirely to the bad habits of living among women of these days. Young ladies, as graduates of this college you are bound to give serious thought to this subject. The greatest value of all education is to make people

thoughtful about the practical conduct of life, and if the general education and culture you have received at this College does not make you thoughtful about this matter, then either this is a mighty sorry sort of school, or else you are a mighty sorry sort of a girl. Besides the indirect effect of the general education and culture you have received here, you know that we have in several very direct ways tried to impress this matter strongly upon your minds. Our school of cooking, our school of physical culture, the instructions and suggestions that we have given you, and the appeals that we have made to you in regard to dress reform are all direct practical lessons in the art of preserving health. Take these lessons home with you, improve upon them by your own thoughtfulness, carry them out in your own practical life, and, as far as you can without officiousness, disseminate them among the girls and women with whom you associate. So will you do a great and lasting good for the State of Georgia. As graduates of this institution you are bound to do this reform work.

If every girl who leaves this College should carry away with her from this school absolutely nothing but the ideas of dress reform that we have tried so hard to impress upon your mind and inculcate into your habits, and should persuade others to adopt them, that alone would do enough good to repay the State of Georgia ten times over for all the money that it has ever expended on this institution. Not long ago a little girl, who had been to the World's Fair in Chicago, said to me: "Mr. Chappell, on the Midway Plaisance I saw an African woman with her face all scarred up with ugly scratches running up and down and across her face. She did it herself when she was a girl and she thought it was pretty. Mr. Chappell, don't you think she was a fool?"

But, young ladies, let me say to you this morning, that the civilized American woman that pinches and cramps and deforms her waist in that damnable abomination of modern dress called a corset is a thousand times bigger fool than the African woman that scarifies her face. For the civilized American woman by this miserable corset not only utterly destroys the beauty and symmetry of her figure and makes it a thing ugly to look upon, but she vitally injures the most important organs in her body. And the worst of it is she knows perfectly well that this is true, and yet at the behests of a depraved fashion she continues the sinful practice. I mention this only as one instance of how health is injured and untold suffering is brought into the world and transmitted from generation to generation by the consummate folly of women in fashionable life. My dear young friends, I earnestly trust that you will never commit these follies, that you will never be guilty of these sins. Remember that bad health, a weakened organ, a diseased function, not only makes you uncomfortable, not only makes you miserable, but in a great measure unfits you for doing rightly the work that the Almighty sent you into the world to do. Remember that the sins of mothers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth and tenth and twentieth generation of them that break God's laws of health. Remember that every weakened organ, every diseased function, every morbid tendency, every unstrung nerve in a woman's body makes a false note in the harmony of the universe, a false note that does not end with her existence, but goes on down the ages a jarring discord, like sweet bells all jangled, harsh and out of tune. No more important duty, no more impera-

tive obligation can rest upon you in this human life than to take care of your bodily health.

Undoubtedly the strongest and highest reason why you should take care of your bodily health is because upon that depends in great measure the healthful action of your mind. The finest part of the human body is the brain, that exquisite organ upon which mind plays the various tunes of thought. Brain is the instrument, mind is the musician, education is the musician's training, and thought is the music. As graduates of this college you are supposed to have what is called "a higher education," but are your thoughts really high and classic and noble? If not, your higher education is a failure. And will your life keep time and tune to high and noble thoughts, to the music of the spheres? If not, your higher education is a failure.

There are two distinct kinds of education, practical education and higher education. Some superfine sentimentalists try to make us believe that there is really no difference between the two; that they merge into each other, and all that sort of nonsense, but that is not true. The difference between practical education and higher education is just as clearly marked as the line where the blue sky comes down to the green earth. Let me illustrate the difference. When I was in Boston on my educational pilgrimage a little over a year ago I went one morning to the Boston Cooking School, the oldest and most famous institution of this sort in America, and I sat there for three mortal hours, and saw the teacher teach a class of young women how to make pie-crust; merely that and nothing more, how to make pie-crust. It was an absolutely perfect lesson; it was one of the most successful exercises I have ever seen in any schoolroom. It was not edifying, it was not up-

lifting, it did not fill the immortal soul with transcendental thoughts and all that sort of thing, because there is nothing edifying or uplifting or transcendental about pie-crust. Nevertheless it was exceedingly interesting, and it filled me with admiration, and to my dying day I shall never forget that superb lesson on how to make pie-crust. It was a splendid illustration of that cant phrase that you hear used so frequently in educational circles in these days about "putting the brain into the hands," for that teacher made those young women put their brains into their hands before she allowed them to put their hands into that pie-crust dough. In other words it was a splendid illustration of practical education. The very next morning after, my visit to this cooking school I went to the famous Emerson School of Oratory and saw the principal of the school give his senior class a special exercise. The lesson of the day was the exposition and rendition of that matchless gem of Shakespeare's incomparable genius, the third act of Othello, the same that you heard so beautifully read from this platform a few weeks ago. It was a glorious lesson! There was nothing practical about it, there was nothing utilitarian about it, it did not undertake "to put the brain into the hand" as that pie-crust lesson did; nevertheless it was a glorious lesson; it delighted the intellect, it touched the heart, it thrilled the soul, it vivified the imagination, it edified and uplifted the spirit of every pupil and every visitor present. In other words it was a splendid illustration of what is called higher education. Now, young ladies, in every human mind there is a Shakespeare side as well as a pie-crust side, and in every right education each of these sides should have a due share of attention, instruction, training and dis-

cipline; and that is what we are trying so hard to give in this school. We sweep the whole gamut of education from pie-crust to Shakespeare, and we are constantly endeavoring to preserve a just balance between pie-crust and Shakespeare. The practical side of education is very much emphasized in these days. I sometimes fear that it is too much emphasized, and that we are in danger of forgetting the inestimable value of higher education.

Never in the history of this country was there such crying need as now for the uplifting and purifying power of a truly high and noble education. For with all our boasted progress the terrible fact stares us in the face that the tendency of American civilization to-day is towards a lower standard of morals and a lower ideal of life than was ever known before in this country. Men are fast losing their belief in religion, men are fast losing their faith in God, their belief in all truly noble and exalted sentiment and are fast coming to believe in absolutely nothing but the almighty dollar and what the almighty dollar can buy.

Good men and good women all through this country are earnestly hoping and earnestly praying that the rising generation of young men and young women will check this baleful tendency, but not much can be expected from the young men, for in most cases as soon as a young man comes down from the Sinai of college or university he throws away the higher law he is supposed to have received there, and joins the rabble in the base worship of the golden calf. It is therefore to the young women, to the educated, cultured young women of the rising generation, that we must chiefly look to bring about regeneration and reform, not by making speeches, not by delivering lectures, not by running over the

country shrieking for the ballot, not by writing articles for the newspapers, not by voting, but by purifying the spring at its very source, in the school-room, in the family, in the home. The woman's moral influence in the family is ten times greater than the man's. The family gets its intellectual tone much more from the women of the household than from the men, much more from wife, mother, sister than from husband, father, brother. Upon women much more than upon men falls the duty of dealing with mind, heart and character, while these are yet in the formative state—wax to receive and marble to retain impressions. The more thoroughly educated, the more highly cultured a woman is, the better she is fitted for discharging this most responsible duty in human life; and one of the most important missions that lies before the Georgia Normal and Industrial College is to supply Georgia schools, Georgia families with just such educated, cultured women. So go forth, my friends, into this field where the harvest is indeed plenteous, but the laborers are few. Go forth, and in Georgia schoolrooms, Georgia families, Georgia homes, let the light of your higher education so shine that men may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

But, young ladies, as strongly as I believe in the intellectual culture of women, as strongly as I believe in brain power, let me say to you that in every true woman there is a power greater than brain power. In every true woman, feeling counts for more than thought. In every true woman's universe, beyond the horizon of the intellect sweeps the horizon of the emotions. In every true woman's life, sweeter far than the music of the mind is the music of the heart. Show me the woman of whom

this is not true, and I will show you one who is either a very ill-fashioned sort of a woman, or else one in whom the womanly nature has been warped and perverted. When I was a boy I came across this verse from the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible,

“He was the angel, Israfael,
And his heart-strings were a lute.”

And I thought it was a beautiful passage, but I thought it would have been much more appropriate if it had been,

“She was the angel, Israfael,
And her heart-strings were a lute.”

A number of years afterwards, I happened to be wandering one day in an old colonial graveyard in a certain city at the North, and I came across a granite shaft erected by some bereaved husband to the memory of his dead wife, and on it was engraved as an epitaph that very verse from the Koran with precisely the change that I had fancied,

“She was the angel, Israfael,
And her heart-strings were a lute.”

The friend that was with me thought it was absurd, and I admit it was somewhat ridiculous, the man's taking the liberty of changing the sex of the angel, nevertheless I thought it was just the most beautiful epitaph that I had ever seen upon a woman's grave. What sweeter tribute could any woman ask of the loved ones that she leaves behind her when she takes her flight to the spirit land, than they should always think of her in that way,

“She was the angel, Israfael,
And her heart-strings were a lute.”

Just the most precious thing that ever falls to the lot of any man in this world is a woman's love; from the time when she sings his cradle-song to the day when she wipes the death-sweat from his brow, just the most powerful influence for good that can ever come into a man's life is a woman's love! And, young ladies, however brilliant and cultured an intellect you may possess, and however energetically you may use that intellect for the betterment of human kind, you may be sure that the best influence that you will ever exert in this world over men, over women, over society in general, must come more from the heart than from the head.

A few weeks ago in your Normal Reading Circle I heard one of you quote a fine passage from Emerson, like this, “A beautiful face is a good thing, a beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, but a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form—it is the finest of the fine arts.” This beautiful behavior, of which Emerson speaks, comes directly from the heart. When that poor African woman in the jungles of New Guinea found the English traveler, Mungo Park, lying under a tree burning with fever and half dead, and with the aid of her daughters took him up and carried him to her hut and nursed him back to life and health, that was beautiful behavior; it came directly from the heart. When Chevalier Bayard, lying wounded upon the battlefield, put the cup of cold water from his own famished lips and gave it to a dying soldier by his side, that was beautiful behavior; it came directly from the heart! When the most perfect gentleman that this world ever saw, he whom man call Savior,

said to the rebuking disciples, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and took them in his arms and blessed them, that was beautiful behavior; it came directly from the heart; and so all beautiful behavior comes directly from the heart; it is the spontaneous outpouring of the milk of human kindness. Intellect has little to do with it, education still less. Indeed we find the finest instances of it among simple, unsophisticated people. See how gloriously it shines forth in some of Shakespeare's humblest characters: in Adam in *As You Like It*; in the Fool in *King Lear*; in the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance. Some of the most touching and pathetic instances of it that I have ever seen in my life occurred among the negro slaves in antebellum days in the South. But, young ladies, I heard not long ago the story of the beautiful behavior of a certain poor Georgia girl which I wish to tell you this morning, for it would be well for every Georgia girl to emulate her noble spirit. This girl lived away up there in Northwest Georgia among the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. Her father was an old Confederate soldier, and he had a little farm there among the mountains. One year soon after he had planted his crop he was stricken down with inflammatory rheumatism and was bedridden for the rest of the year. There was no man, no boy, to take his place upon the farm, so his daughter, this seventeen-year-old Georgia girl, who had never done anything but a woman's work around the house, took the plough-handles in her own precious hands and in sunshine and storm, through heat and cold, from daylight to dark, she toiled like a bond-slave in the field. A loving God blessed the labor of her hands and the conscious earth laughed an abundant harvest

into her lap. From the profit of her crop she not only provided her invalid father with comforts, but by rigid economy managed to save enough to pay her expenses the next year at a good school in a neighboring town. When commencement time came she had won a high honor, and was appointed one of the readers of the occasion. From every valley, glen, cove, gorge in that mountain country the good people poured forth to that commencement. There was such an enormous crowd that they could not get into the schoolhouse, so the exercises were held under a bush-arbor out of doors; and when that girl arose to read her essay she was received with such a cheer, with such a shout, with such a yell, as no campaign politician running over the country begging for votes ever heard from the throats of those mountaineers; with such a cheer, with such a shout as no female lecturer running over the country trying to reform people ever heard, or ever deserved to hear, from any crowd; for let cynics say what they will the world does know its true heroes. The next year that girl taught school; more children came to her than could be crowded into the schoolhouse. From her earnings she not only administered to the last days of her dying father, but in a great measure fed, clothed and educated her younger brothers and sisters.

Young ladies, we of the South are constantly begging rich men from the North to come down here with their money to develop the natural resources of our country and to build up our towns and cities with mills and factories; and that is very well; God knows poor, poverty-stricken Georgia needs help of that kind badly enough; but let me tell you one thing, one native Georgia girl like that is worth more to the State than a million dollars of Yankee

money! One noble woman's life like that, with its boundless influence for good, is worth more to the true civilization of the commonwealth than a hundred cotton factories with a million buzzing spindles! I point this mountain girl as an example to you not because you will be expected to repeat her deeds; possibly you may never be called upon even to do deeds like hers; but in whatever position you may be placed, by whatever circumstances you may be surrounded, however and wherever your lines of life may fall, you can emulate her unselfish, loving, energetic, earnest, noble, aspiring spirit. And the very reason that I maintain so stoutly that this Georgia Normal and Industrial College is the greatest educational institution that ever stood on Georgia soil, is because so many girls do come here in exactly that spirit, because so many girls do come here under circumstances so similar to those that first darkened but afterwards glorified the life of that mountain girl! With the deepest heart-felt pride I point our visitors this morning to this assembly, and I say to them, "These are Georgia girls; there are three hundred of them; they come from one hundred different counties in Georgia; they do not come from homes of wealth and pomp and material grandeur; nay, many of them come from homes of poverty; many of them have paid every cent of their expenses here this year with money earned by themselves as teachers in the country schools or by other means; many others have been sent here by poor widowed mothers, or older brothers and sisters, who have to toil hard for their daily bread, and who out of their scanty earnings manage by heroic self-denial to save enough to give their loved ones the advantages of this school! These girls do not come with the rustle of silken skirts or flash of diamonds or other shows

of wealth, but they come with a noble spirit and with hearts of gold! They do not come here to be prepared to adorn society or to talk nonsense to spider-leg dudes at carnivals of folly, but they come to fit themselves for a woman's noble duties wherever their lines of life may fall. Travel the world over, and in no school or college or university can you find a nobler student-body than these three hundred Georgia girls! O Georgia men and Georgia women, from whatever section of the State you may come, if you can look upon this assembly and know its true story without a thrill of pride, without a tear of joy, you are no true Georgian! O Georgia legislator, that goes up yonder to Atlanta to take care of the commonwealth, if you can know the facts about this assembly and yet with niggardly meanness refuse to cherish and to foster this institution, stint the bread of life to these Georgia girls, you are unworthy of the State that has honored you, unworthy of the mother who bore you.

“Living you shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile earth from which you sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

Young ladies, it is a great privilege and a great responsibility to go out into the world a graduated representative of such a student-body. An important epoch in your life closes this morning, and you step across the border-line into a world of new experiences. You came to us some of you two years ago, some of you three years ago. With a father's parting blessing yet fresh upon your head, with your cheek still wet with a mother's farewell tears, with mind bewildered by a strange, new world, and heart-

sick for home, you sat here on that first morning! The intervening days and months and years you have spent most worthily in diligent, earnest pursuit of the noble purpose that brought you here. Every teacher in the faculty will join with me in testifying to that. And now we send you back to father, mother, home; we earnestly trust that you will carry with you from this school some things that will be good for you and for others for time and for eternity. And now you sit here for the last time, the lights and shadows of your college-life all behind you, your eyes bedewed with tears of sadness, your heart throbbing with mingled feelings of grief and joy. "Oh, death in life, the days that are no more!" I hope you will carry with you always some sweet and precious memories of the days you have spent with us, some sweet and precious memories of the halls and classrooms of this building, of your teachers, of your schoolmates, of your life at the dormitory and in the private boarding-houses, of the good people and red hills and elm-shaded streets of dear old Milledgeville! May the blessings of the Almighty rest upon you, and when your immortal soul shall have taken its flight back to the God that gave it, may those who have known you best be able to say of you that "her life was an anthem to the ever-living God," in all her walk and conduct she kept time and tune to the music of the spheres!

Higher Education.

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:
For several years past you have been diligently and earnestly engaged in getting what is commonly called an higher education. It has been a long and laborious task, but to you, I believe, not an unpleasant one. This morning you are supposed to bring that task to a well-rounded completion; you are now supposed to have an higher education. And what is an higher education? When a young man goes to a medical college, or a law school, or a school of technology, he has a perfectly clear, definite idea of the real meaning of that education, and of its aim, its purpose and its value; but have you a perfectly clear, definite idea of the real meaning of an higher education, such as you are supposed to have gotten at this college, and of its aim, its purpose and its value? What is the real meaning of an higher education?

Let me give you my idea of it by a very simple illustration: Many years ago, in looking through an old library, I chanced to come across a volume of essays by William Hazlitt, a very gifted and brilliant writer, who flourished in England about seventy-five years ago. In one of these essays Hazlitt relates a personal experience like this: Hazlitt's father was a Unitarian preacher. He lived out in the country, and he was himself a man of great culture and scholarship, and right frequently distinguished men and scholars used to come from London and other places to spend the night, or a day or

two, at his hospitable country home. On these occasions, as the company gathered around the family hearthstone at night for the purpose of talking, young Hazlitt, who was then a youth seventeen or eighteen years of age, used to sit in a corner by himself listening silently and delightedly to the conversation of these distinguished men; but one day a slab-sided, awkward-moving man, with a big, beautifully shaped, classic head set upon his rounded shoulders, came to this Hazlitt home.

It was the poet Coleridge, undoubtedly one of the most gifted brilliant intellects ever born into the world, and especially noted for the almost preternatural splendor of his conversational powers. As the elder Hazlitt and Coleridge sat before the fire that night conversing, young Hazlitt sitting silently in his corner recognized in Coleridge's conversation something finer, something superior to anything he had ever heard from mortal lips, and he listened entranced and infatuated. That night, just as they were going to bed, old man Hazlitt said, "Son, tomorrow morning you will have to walk to the station with Mr. Coleridge to carry his luggage for him." Nearly all night long that boy lay awake anticipating with delight the walk with Coleridge next morning. Morning came. "It was a bright, beautiful, perfect spring day," says Hazlitt. "The station was four miles distant; all the way there Coleridge talked incessantly and I listened rapturously. He talked of nothing except the things immediately around us, of the trees and the grass and the flowers and the birds and the white cumulus clouds floating across the deep blue sky; but, oh, what glorious talk it was! What luminous power it had! It seemed to send a light away down into the deepest depths of my mind. It floated the uni-

verse for me in an atmosphere of thought and of poetry. As I trod that same road on my way back from the station, the world seemed transformed to me, and trees and grass and flowers and floating clouds and the blue sky had acquired for me a higher beauty and a deeper meaning. That walk with Coleridge was the great intellectual quickening of my life; but for that walk with Coleridge, I should never have persisted in the study of metaphysics and the higher literature; but for that walk with Coleridge, I believe, I should never have written a line for publication."

Young ladies, that was higher education. The effect that Coleridge's talk had upon that boy's mind was higher education; and if some such effect has not been produced upon your mind during your four-miles walk, or your three-miles walk, or your two-miles walk, taking the years for miles, that you have had with the teachers of this Faculty, then you have received from this institution no higher education. If by reason of your sojourn at this college, God's universe has not acquired for you a higher beauty, God's eternal laws a deeper and a grander meaning; if during your sojourn at this college your mind has not been illuminated in its deepest depths; if the higher powers of your intellect have not been quickened into a life that will last; if the activities of your nature have not been aroused to put forth your utmost efforts to develop yourselves in the direction of the best and highest tendencies of your nature, then however much learning and scholarship you may have acquired, however perfect your recitations and your examinations and your reports may have been, you have received from this college no higher education!

Higher education is the assimilation by mind,

heart and soul of those perennial truths of God that edify and inspire the immortal spirit that dwells in man's mortal body. There are many different kinds and sorts and degrees and uses and functions of education, but only that education whose principal purpose is to edify and inspire the soul of man is, properly speaking, higher education, and it is this particular phase of education that I have chosen to dwell upon in this my last talk to you.

Far be it from me to undervalue that practical, utilitarian education that serves to guide us aright along the pathway of the ordinary, every-day duties of life.

Over in that cooking-school yonder you got a receipt how to make biscuit. If you learned that receipt well and thoroughly both theoretically and practically, you have had from this institution no more important, no more precious lesson. There is no department or branch of this college that I value more highly than I do our cooking and our dressmaking school; and I should be delighted if we could teach well and thoroughly more of these home-making studies in our college, for after all is said and done, they are just the most important part of a woman's education, and I have little respect for any woman who despises or who disparages them, or who fails to make herself proficient in them, and from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for the poor woman who never has any need for them, for the poor woman who in all her life has no call to use them. But it is needless for me to dwell upon the importance that the founders and trustees of this college attach to these home-making studies, and to those other industrial or bread-winning studies, such as your teacher-training, your stenography and typewriting, your dressmaking and such like.

A thorough teaching of such things as these constitutes as everybody knows the characteristic features of this college. This stone which the educational builders of former days rejected has become the chief corner-stone of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College.

Neither do I mean to disparage that enlightening education whose purpose is to impart general information, worldly knowledge, worldly wisdom, by which the student is brought into sympathy with the progress of the times and put in touch with the spirit of the age. This is an exceedingly important kind or phase of education, and, as you well know, the aim of a large proportion of the studies that you have pursued in this college has been to give you that kind of education.

But what I wish to do especially this morning is to impress upon your minds this truth: That after all practical, utilitarian knowledge is acquired, after all worldly wisdom and social accomplishments are acquired, after all of that superficial intellectual polish that the world calls culture is acquired, there is still something beyond, and that something beyond is the true higher education, or the assimilation by mind, heart and soul of those perennial truths that edify and inspire the immortal spirit of man. By edify, I mean that gives you a grand and lofty conception of God's universe of matter and universe of mind. By inspire, I mean that stirs the divinity that dwells within you, that gives you a high ideal of human life, and moves you to put forth your utmost efforts to develop yourself in the direction of the noblest tendencies of your nature.

Broadly speaking, the higher education is derived from three principal sources, namely, from the assimilation of scientific truth, from the assimilation

lation of literary truth, from the assimilation of religious truth. I wish to say a few words to you in regard to each of these; and first, as to the assimilation of scientific truth.

Young ladies, the educational value of any scientific truth is enhanced an hundredfold when it is gotten directly from God's inspired book of nature instead of being taken merely and solely from the books of men. Out yonder in the western skies on these evenings and in the early night you see the planet Venus shining in her matchless beauty. Now any good teacher with the aid of an ugly diagram drawn on a blackboard can, in an hour's lesson, teach you all about that beautiful planet and its complex movements so that you will understand it perfectly; and that is the way, and the only way, in which it is usually taught in schools and colleges—an hour's lesson on the blackboard, you understand it perfectly, and you dismiss it from your mind forever. By such a lesson you have gained some knowledge, have had some mental discipline, perhaps, but you have not really assimilated any truth of God's. But it would take you eighteen months just to read the lesson through in that book out yonder—in God's inspired book of nature; nine months watching the queenly planet in her royal journey up and down among the constellations in the western skies as evening star, and then see her flash up in the eastern horizon, and nine months up and down there as morning star! Once read the lesson through that way and you will have assimilated, mind, heart and soul, one of the sublimest truths of God's material universe, and you will have added a priceless jewel to the treasures of your mind. By such a study of science your whole intellectual being is edified and ennobled. You know perfectly

well, young ladies, that in this college—down there in our Model and in our regular Science Department—you have been carefully taught how to read science directly from God's inspired book of nature. That book lies out there before you; to you it is an open book. You can do nothing better for your own higher education than to read from its glowing pages. As teachers you can do nothing better for the true higher education of the young human souls committed to your charge than to lead them forth and teach them, while they are yet in the spring-time of life, to read truth directly from God's inspired book of nature!

But it is very probable, almost certain in fact, that much the largest part of your future higher education will be derived from another source than from the study of natural science, and that is from the study of literature. It is perfectly natural and entirely right that you should love literature more than you love science. That is as it should be. But I want to warn you that literature is a very dangerous thing. There is entirely too much literature in the world in our day. There is an enormous, oppressive, distracting superabundance and excess of literature in the world this nineteenth century.

A literary plethora pervades our country like a disease and it is seriously damaging, I believe, to the best powers of the human mind and to the strongest and finest qualities of human character. "Of the making of many books there is no end," said the preacher in disgust five thousand years ago, and the saying applies with tenfold force in this close of our nineteenth century. Sixty thousand books claiming to be new and original were published in the world in the year 1894. I believe the world would be better off intellectually, morally and

spiritually, if fifty-five thousand of those books had never seen the light. Most books are either positively bad or perfectly worthless, comparatively few are good, and the smallest possible number are really great. Young ladies, I have time this morning to give you only one piece of advice about your reading, but I give that very earnestly and very seriously, and that is: Try to read at least a few of the really great books. Read them, study them, absorb them, assimilate them, love them, believe in them, open your mind, heart and soul freely to their influence. If you will only do that you will have nothing to fear from the pernicious literature that so abounds in our day. One of the most fortunate things that can happen to a young human soul in the process of getting an education is to come strongly under the influence of a really great, good book. And there is no mistaking a really great book. By this sign shall you know it, by its power to edify and inspire you. It makes no difference what a book is about, it makes no difference for what particular purpose it is written, it makes no difference what literary form it may assume; the infallible test of the real greatness of any book is its edifying and its inspiring power. No book is really great that does not edify and inspire.

Of the hundreds of books that I have read in my life there are just five that have had a more powerful influence over me, intellectually, morally and spiritually, than all the others put together; they are Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Shakespeare, and the Bible. I count these as infinitely the greatest books that I ever read not because they entertained me so mightily, not because they gave me so great instruction and knowledge, but because, far beyond all others, they edified and inspired me; and if I were

going to make out a course of reading for you girls this morning I should say, read Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, *Ethics of the Dust*, *Crown of Wild Olives*. Read Emerson's essays on *Character*, on *Conduct*, on *Manners*, on *Self-Reliance*, on *Transcendentalism*, on *Representative Men*. Read Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*, his *Sartor Resartus*, his essays on *Burns*, *Samuel Johnson*, *Voltaire* and *Characteristics*, his biographical sketches of his own father, *John Carlyle*, and his own wife, *Jane Welsh Carlyle*; read Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *As You Like It*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Read in the Bible nearly all that is contained in the four gospels and certain selected chapters from the *Epistles*, the *Psalms*, and from *Job*, *Jeremiah* and *Isaiah*. Read these things, and you will have read the sublimest truths, the most edifying and inspiring truths ever uttered in human language; and expressed in a form of perfect beauty absolutely matchless in the whole range of the literature of the world. These are, in my opinion, just the greatest books that have ever been written. In them the human mind reached the high-water mark of literary achievement. It will never rise so high again.

All these productions put together would not occupy more than three ordinary-sized volumes; but don't try to read them in a month or in several months. Read them through years; read them through all the years of your life; read them as your mind and character develop to receive them; read them over and over again, read them with all the aid you can get to help you understand and appreciate them. All these productions together would perhaps constitute not more than a one-thousandth

part of your entire reading, but if you read them aright they will have a more powerful and more salutary influence over you intellectually, morally and spiritually, than all the rest of your reading put together. Read these books and such books as these, read them, study them, absorb them, assimilate them, love them, believe in them, and you will have nothing to fear from the inferior, worthless and bad books that so abound in our times. All the imps and devils, the filth-mongers, babbling fools, puling sentimentalists, hysterical women, and perverted men, that so infest the world of letters in our day will be powerless to harm you. You bear a charmed life. You carry in your very blood an antidote to the worst poison the vilest book contains. Young ladies, in this college you have been taught how to read good books, and one of the principal purposes of all your studies here has been to prepare your minds for high thinking, your hearts for fine feeling. A sacred obligation rests upon you to try to bring this culture to perfection. A sacred obligation rests upon you to beware lest the wicked one sow tares among the wheat and when the master of the field shall come he will find the harvest ruined.

Finally, the assimilation of religious truth is a part of our higher education. I hesitate to touch upon this most profound and most important of all subjects. I will advance just this one thought concerning it:

There are two classes of truths that Almighty God reveals to the mind of man in this human life, namely, those truths that can be comprehended by the understanding and those truths that can not be comprehended by the understanding, but which address themselves to that faculty of the mind called intui-

tion. Intuition is a finer and higher power than the understanding. Understanding bears the same relation to intuition that the earth's atmosphere bears to that finer and more subtle fluid that scientists call ether. The atmosphere is wholly "of the earth, earthy;" it can be handled and weighed and analyzed; it clings close to the earth; it rises only a little above the earth; but that fine and subtle ether, which exists just as certainly as the atmosphere does, is an intangible and impalpable substance, and it not only permeates all terrestrial things far more subtly than the atmosphere, but it rises infinitely higher than the atmosphere and brings down to us on its ethereal waves the light of sun, moon, and stars and all heavenly bodies. Just so understanding is wholly "of the earth, earthy," it reveals to the mind of man those truths by which he is related to the earth and to things of the earth; but there is an intuition that transcends the understanding and brings down to the longing soul of man those divine truths by which he is related to the ever-living God, the archetype of his being; simple, unquestioning, abiding belief in those transcendent divine truths and the harmonizing of one's life to their promptings, constitutes the crowning glory of all human existence.

Young ladies, you have all read that tender story how nearly two thousand years ago, just as the beautiful day was breaking on a sweet spring morning, Mary Magdelene went to the tomb of the Saviour bearing spices and ointments, but when she got there she found the sepulchre empty, the body of the Lord was gone, and as she sat there weeping bitterly a man approached softly and standing over her asked: "Woman, why weepest thou?" Without raising her head, and thinking it was the gardener that spoke, she cried: "They have taken my Lord away and I

know not where they have laid him!" "Mary!" he said, and in that tender, loving tone she recognized the voice of the Savior himself, and raising her head she looked up into his face and falling upon her knees at his feet she cried, "Master!" Young ladies, the very highest education that any woman ever has received or ever can receive in this world is that which brought that worshipful "Master!" from Mary's lips as she knelt at the Savior's feet. In this world of ours, with its sunshine and shadow, with its joys and its sorrows, that divine voice still speaks to worshipful souls just as tenderly and lovingly as it spoke to Mary in the Arimathean's garden two thousand years ago. Oh, may you hearken to that voice and may your heart too, like Mary's, go out in glad response to it—"Master!"

And now, young ladies, in behalf of the faculty of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, I must say farewell to you. Many of you have been here with us since the very first day that this school was opened on that golden October morning, nearly four years ago. In the meantime, hundreds of girls have come and gone, but "ye have been with us from the beginning;" and now you must go too, but like Napoleon's "Old Guard," you leave us wearing the "crosses of the legion of honor" upon your breast and carrying with you the esteem and warm affection of these teacher generals under whom you have fought so well and nobly the quiet, earnest battles of the schoolroom!

You have been here with us almost ever since you were little girls, and with a tenderer love than you can ever know we have watched your growth and development in body, in mind, in heart, and in character.

We send you forth believing that you are the

“chosen vessels of the Lord,” appointed under providence to bear in blessings to the people the fruit of this tree planted by the rivers of waters. We send you forth believing that in your daily lives you will demonstrate that every touch of a noble culture bestowed upon a woman’s mind is a jewel in the nation’s crown; that every seed of right education planted in a woman’s heart will bring forth an abundant harvest in priceless benefits to the commonwealth. We send you forth feeling assured that your higher education will redound to the good, to the honor, and to the glory of dear old Georgia for generations and generations to come, forever and forevermore!

“Freely Ye Have Received, Freely Give.”

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:
As I stand before you this morning I am strongly reminded of that beautiful tenth chapter of St. Matthew, in which Jesus Christ sends forth his twelve disciples to the work to which he had appointed them and for which they had been specially educated under his divine teaching. That brief discourse is the most powerful missionary sermon that was ever preached. It contains the very essence and quintessence of the missionary spirit. Its truths will never die and its injunctions are of perennial application. Many of them apply to you this morning just as forcefully as they applied to the twelve disciples nineteen hundred years ago, for in the sight of God you are missionaries just as much as those disciples were missionaries. I love to think of the graduates of this college as missionaries. Several weeks ago I read an account of the sailing of a ship from California for China bearing on board a number of women missionaries, among them a noble Georgia woman, and as I read I thought to myself, “Very well, God speed them, but the girls that go out every year from the Georgia Normal and Industrial College are just as much missionaries as those good women are, and these Georgia girls go forth into fields of labor more important and where the possibilities of doing good are greater than can be found in any heathen or in any pagan land.” Missionary work, like charity, should begin at home. Mark you, Jesus Christ in this chapter of St. Mat-

thew doesn't send his twelve disciples beyond the seas or across the deserts or even over the border into any far-away or foreign land. He sends them out into his own and their own little country of Palestine where there was the greatest abundance of work for them to do, and so we send you out into your own native State of Georgia where there is the greatest abundance of work for you to do, where the fields are white with the ripening grain, where the harvest indeed is plenteous but the laborers are few.

When on his last visit to us our distinguished and beloved State School Commissioner said to me with kindling enthusiasm, "Almost wherever I go in the State of Georgia I find your girls at work teaching in country and in village schools, and wherever I find them they are a shining light in the community in which they dwell, a veritable blessing to the people among whom they are working. All through this commonwealth they are making the desert places in Georgia's educational fields to bloom and blossom as a rose." I thought to myself, "Thank God for this glorious news from the Georgia Normal and Industrial College missionaries."

When from time to time during the past session I have received numerous letters and oral communications telling me of the splendid work our girls are doing in homes and households, in business offices, in dressmaking establishments, in schoolrooms, I have exclaimed to myself, "Hurrah for the Georgia Normal and Industrial College missionaries!" These glorious messages that come to me from the four quarters of the State are the greatest joy and satisfaction of my life. Now when you go out I earnestly hope that tidings like these may come back about you to be a joy, a satisfaction, an inspiration to the

President, to the faculty and the noble founder and the faithful trustees of this institution.

I want you to read that tenth chapter of St. Matthew and notice how forcefully many of its injunctions apply to you, either literally or figuratively. There is one of them that I want you to consider very specially with me this morning; it seems to me so wonderfully apt in its application to you and to all graduates of this college. Says Jesus, as a last injunction to his departing disciples, "Freely have ye received, now freely give!" What a profound significance the passage has, or ought to have, for every graduate of this college! Take the first clause of it, "Freely have ye received," and consider its fine, noble application. This Georgia Normal and Industrial College, your Alma Mater, is the free-hearted, gracious gift of Georgia's manhood to Georgia's womanhood. It was given to the women of Georgia not at the behest of a lot of strong-minded females, insolently demanding it as woman's right. Nay, it came to you at the simple asking of Georgia's gentlewomen; and from the day that the Legislature passed the act establishing it six years ago down to this sweet June morning it has been more favored and blessed and honored and cherished and beloved than any other educational institution that ever stood on Georgia soil. Everything that the State of Georgia, poor and impecunious as she is, could afford to do she has freely done for this school. The Legislature has been more partial to it and more liberal to it than to any other school in the State. At the last session of that body, for instance, when every State educational institution was there begging for special appropriations for various purposes, all were turned away empty-handed, or nearly so, except this college; but when it came the State, through her legis-

lators, gave all that was asked, because this was her woman's school.

The Peabody Educational Fund, through our own beloved Dr. Curry, has extended to this institution a generous helping hand and a tender, fostering care, increasing its appropriation to it more and more every year. Last summer, when the fund set aside by the State for the purpose of making an educational exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition came to be divided out among the various schools, the directors having the matter in charge, by unanimous vote, gave the largest share to this school. At that great Exposition, the committee of awards, composed of some of the most prominent educators in America, gave to this school the highest prize and the highest praise, although there were nearly one hundred competitors from all parts of the Union. The whole people of Georgia feel, and have always felt, a very special, unequaled pride and interest in this school. They have compassed it with glory and honor; they have crowned it with loving kindness! I have never heard a Georgia man speak of this school that his voice did not assume a tender tone, and that the light of affection did not kindle in his eye.

With a liberal hand and a liberal mind and a liberal heart the school was established and has been maintained; and what a truly liberal education it bestows upon its students! Do you not see, then, in what a fine and beautiful and noble sense it is true that "freely have ye received?" Now go forth and in the same magnanimous spirit "freely give!"

I earnestly trust that the education you have received at this college has increased your power to give thirtyfold, sixtyfold, an hundredfold. I can not conceive how it is possible for any girl to have spent from two to four years as you have spent

them here in diligent, earnest, zealous application in such studies as you have pursued, under such instruction as you have had, without having been enriched in mind and heart and character with treasures more precious than the gold of Ormus or of Ind. Freely have you received these treasures, now freely give! When Juliet, Shakespeare's beautiful Juliet, pours forth the first outburst of her virgin love to Romeo, she exclaims: "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give the more I have to give." So it is with these treasures of mind and heart and character—the more you give the more you will have to give. The more freely you exercise any faculty of your nature in unselfish, generous deeds, the stronger that faculty will become; nay, the stronger and more powerful and more beautiful and more noble your whole nature will become. Since God created the human race by no other means than that has the character of man or woman ever grown in strength and beauty and nobility.

Whatever power to do good you may have acquired by virtue of the education you have had at this college let it not lie idle until it becomes atrophied by disuse; use it earnestly, vigorously, freely, for the good of humanity, for the uplifting of Georgia's civilization, and for the glory of the ever-living God. Whatever streams of knowledge and intelligence may have been poured into your receptive minds during all the years that you have spent at school and at college, let it not stagnate there, "to cream and mantle like a standing pond." All through Georgia there are desert spots and arid places and children thirsting for these living waters; let them flow, freely let them flow. "Freely have ye received, freely give."

If you will only make a right use of the education you have received at this college there is not one of you but will be a priceless blessing to the commonwealth of Georgia. If you will only make an earnest, generous, right use of the education you have received at this college there is not a young man who will graduate this summer at the University at Athens or at the School of Technology, or at Emory or at Mercer, who will have it in his power to do greater service for his people or his State than each of you will have in the manifold function of your noble woman's sphere.

Those of you especially who expect to be school-teachers, what an opportunity lies before you! The thing of paramount importance in Georgia to-day is the better education of the masses of her children. The greatest defect in Georgia's civilization to-day, a menace to her future prosperity and advancement, is the utter insufficiency and inefficiency of her common schools, and every girl that goes out from this college and carries the light of the new education into the rural districts and teaches a good school where hitherto there has been either no school at all or only a very poor school is doing, in the sight of God and all his holy angels, more real good for her people and her State than any so-called statesman up yonder in Washington City making typewritten speeches on the silver question in the halls of Congress.

Every morning in the year as the years go by, as I stand here and look into the faces of our assembled students, I am more and more profoundly impressed with the great possibilities for good to Georgia that lie in this her woman's college. A year or two ago a person said to me, speaking of one of the teachers of our faculty, "Isn't it a pity that a woman

of such ability and such lofty ambition shouldn't have a broader sphere of action?" I tell you that speech made me hot under the collar, and I replied with righteous indignation, "Madam, I can't conceive how it is possible for any woman on God's earth to have a broader sphere, a grander, nobler, better work in life than to be a teacher in the Georgia Normal and Industrial College"; and I meant precisely what I said. I might have said more than that. I might have said, "In the name of God what do you mean by a broader sphere? Do you think that Mary Ellen Lease, cavorting over the country making stump speeches to mobs of howling fools, has a broader sphere? Do you think that Susan B. Anthony and her stripe, running around the land hysterically shrieking in a C sharp voice for woman's rights, has a broader sphere? Do you think that Amelie Rives, contaminating the stream of current literature with rot novels, has a broader sphere? Do you think that if this good teacher of ours should have a column of fulsome flattery written about her in the daily papers, or should get her picture put in the Atlanta Constitution as a Georgia beauty, that it would be a 'broader sphere?' "

What do the women mean by this "broader sphere" business any how? Isn't woman's sphere already broad enough? Why it is "as broad and general as the casing air!" It's as deep as the human heart; it's as high as the throne of God! In the sweep of its horizon is contained all things that mankind holds dearest and most precious and that most deeply concern human existence in this world. It includes everything that is essentially feminine; it excludes, as it should exclude, only those things that are essentially masculine. It includes music, art, literature, all womanly industrial

pursuits, society, religion, schoolroom, college hall, home, wifehood, motherhood! It embraces those occupations upon which the welfare and happiness of the human race, the progress of civilization, and the salvation of man's immortal soul chiefly depend, and the right discharge of which requires the exercise of the highest and best and finest powers of mind, heart and character. What do you want with a "broader sphere" than that? Not to make woman's sphere any broader or deeper or higher than it already is, but to fit her better for the sphere which time out of mind has been open to her, which Almighty God intended for her, and which she needs must fill with her deeds, good or bad, is the supreme duty that modern civilization owes to womanhood, and it is precisely for the purpose of discharging that duty to the young women of Georgia that this college was established. And if the graduates of this college disappoint us not, the time is about to come, nay, is already at hand, when Georgia will clearly see and gladly proclaim that the very best investment she ever made was the money that she put into the establishment and maintenance of this her woman's college.

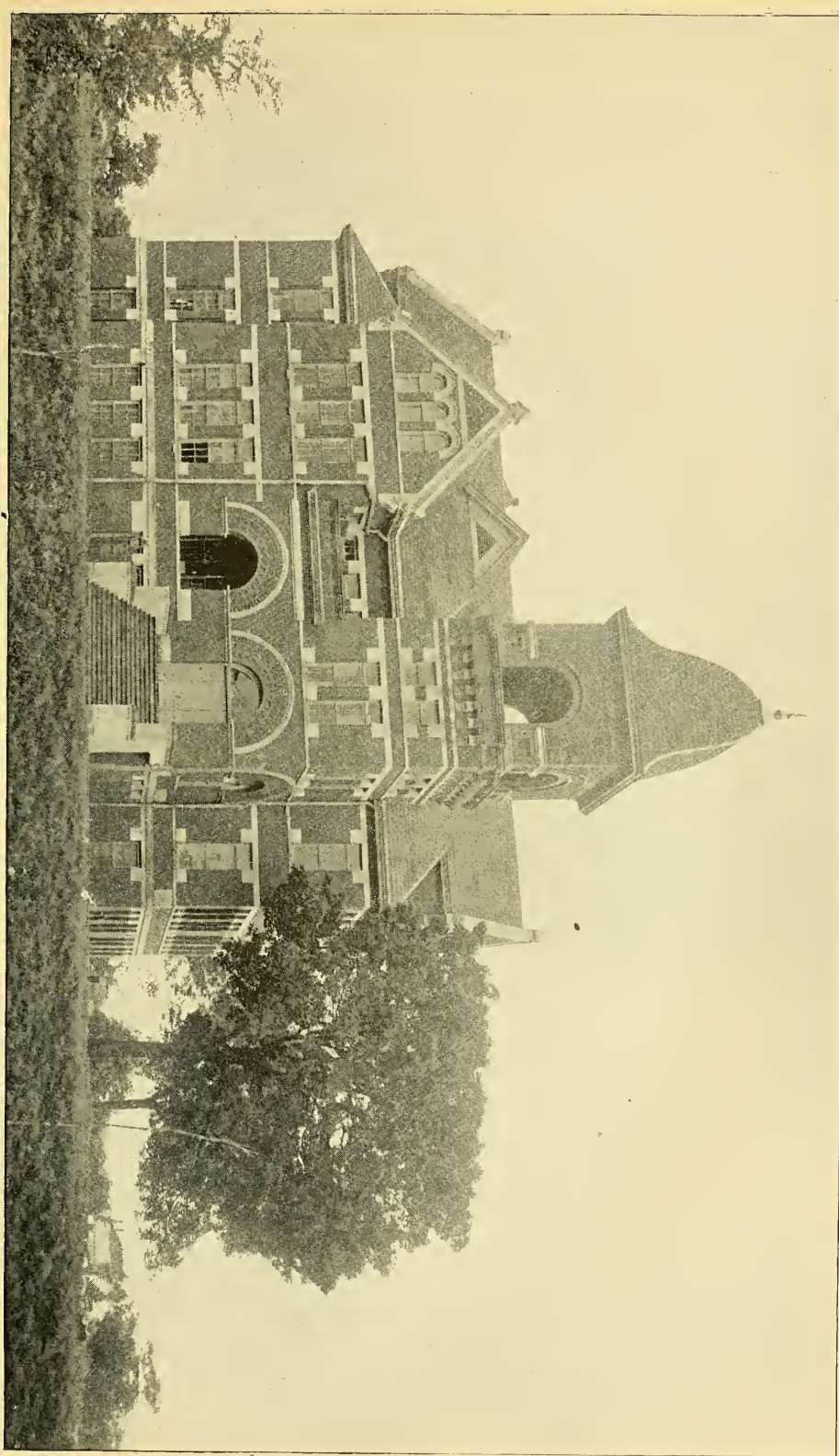
The time is not far distant when Georgia, in every fiber of her complex social system and throughout the length and breadth of her civilization, will realize the refining, the beautifying, the uplifting and ennobling power of this her woman's college. Already she is beginning to feel through all the nerve-centers of her being its energizing, vitalizing, inspiring influence. Already the people rise up and call the institution blessed, and are saying to its noble founder, "you builded better than you knew."

Some months ago one of your number came to

me and asked me to suggest a suitable motto for the Senior class. I didn't do it because I couldn't think of anything appropriate. But I do wish now, as a last word to you, to call your attention to a motto which you can not adopt as yours, but the essential spirit of which I hope will always animate you. It is that grand old French expression that comes down to us from the days of chivalry, "NOBLESSE OBLIGE!" Its literal translation is, "The nobility are under obligations!" and it means that persons belonging to the nobility having been specially favored by birth and by fortune, having had the very best advantages in every way, being deferred to and looked up to by the great masses of the people, ought to feel under obligations to show themselves, in all the relations and duties and conduct of life, superior to ordinary people; ought to be more refined in manners, more cultured in conversation, more gracious in deportment, more generous of heart, more magnanimous of soul, more patriotic, more self-sacrificing, more heroic, gentler in peace and braver in war! Now it seems to me that a spirit like that ought to animate the graduates of this college. The circumstances under which this school was established; the almost sacred purpose to which it is devoted; the pure ideals of scholarship and of conduct which, through thick and thin, through evil report and good report, it has striven to maintain; the favors and blessings that have been showered upon it; the love and affection with which it has been cherished; the deep pride and interest that the whole State feels in it; the great hopes and expectations that a people's heart has garnered in it, ought, it seems to me, to give to this institution a wonderful moral power—ought, it seems to me, to have a very inspiring and ennobling influence on

the mind and the heart and the character of its students, and every graduate that goes forth from its doors ought to feel under a glad, joyous obligation to illustrate, as far as in her lies, by her whole walk and conduct in life, the best and truest and noblest type of Georgia womanhood! My dear young friends, I earnestly trust that a spirit like that may animate you through all your lives and that to each one of you it may ever be an inspiring thought, "I am a graduate of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, noblesse oblige."

MAIN BUILDING, GEORGIA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.



The Threefold Education.

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:
The subject of my address to you to-day will be the Threefold Education. The human mind is a trinity. It is composed of three powers—the power to think, the power to feel, and the power to do. Thinking power, feeling power, doing power—these three in all their manifold forms and manifestations, in all their complex and intricate relations constitute that wonderful organism which we call mind. The special organ of the thinking power is the intellect; the special organ of the feeling power are the affections; the special organ of the doing power is the will. The object of education is to develop, strengthen, discipline, train, and direct these three powers of the mind—the intellect, or thinking power; the affections, or feeling power; and the will, or doing power. So there are three kinds of education—education of the intellect, education of the affections, education of the will.

The main purpose of schools and colleges is to educate the intellect or thinking power of the mind. I believe, of course, that every good school and every good college does also much incidentally and indirectly towards the education of the affections and the will, but that is not their express purpose, that is not their reason for being, that is not the work for which they are organized. I repeat that the main purpose of schools and colleges is to educate the intellect, or thinking power of the mind. The object of all thinking is to see truth. So the main pur-

pose of schools and colleges is to educate the human intellect to see truth. In every school and in the college that you have attended the main purpose has been, or at least should have been, to educate your intellect to see truth—mathematical truth, scientific truth, historic truth, poetic truth, moral truth, spiritual truth. You have received, or are supposed to have received, what is called an higher education. What does that mean? It means that your intellect has been developed, expanded, disciplined, trained and directed to see truth in its higher and finer forms and manifestations, in its broader relations, in its more comprehensive applications.

There is something very grand about the genesis of an higher education. Now I want you to follow me closely for a little while to see if we can not get a clear idea of what is the genesis of an higher education. This, it seems to me, is a fair presentation of it: Intellect is that power by which the human mind sees truth. The more intellect a person has, the greater his power of seeing truth. A man's ability to see truth is the measure of his intellect. Every now and then a great intellect, a truly great intellect, is born into this world of ours. It looks out on the universe, on that same universe on which all intellects have gazed for ages, but this great intellect, looking in this direction or that direction, sees more profoundly, more clearly, more finely into this thing or that thing than any intellect ever saw before, and so discovers some truth of God, hitherto unseen by the mind of man. The discoverer, this great seer, turns in rapture and points his discovery out to his fellow beings, and those of them who have enough intellect, see it clearly; they clap their hands in joy and cry, "Lo, it is true!" And so an-

other note in the divine harmony of the universe bursts upon the listening ears of men.

For instance, about four hundred years ago there was born in Prussia a man by the name of Copernicus; he was one of these great intellects; he looked out on the universe in the direction of the starlit skies, those same starlit skies on which all men had gazed for ages, but the great intellect of Copernicus saw more profoundly, more clearly, more finely into those star depths than any intellect had ever seen before, and so he discovered there that great central truth that governs and controls all those starry hosts of the heavens. Coming after him and standing on the vantage-ground of his discovery other intellects looking at the heavens in this direction and that direction made discovery after discovery, added truth unto truth, law unto law, until the whole sublime science of astronomy stood revealed to the mind of man. Sir Isaac Newton was another one of these great seers. Sitting in his orchard one summer afternoon, he saw an apple fall from a tree. With his great, penetrating intellect he gazed at that most familiar fact, until he discovered in it the laws of gravitation, that great truth which is the keystone to the arch of the material universe. In like manner all of the natural sciences have had their origin and development. Then altogether another class or kind of great seers, like Homer and Dante and Browning and Shakespeare with their keen, incisive intellects looked into the mighty drama of human life and into the mysteries of the human heart, and so have given us the finest and highest truths of poetry. And still another class of great seers like Plato and Aristotle and Francis Bacon and Herbert Spencer have given us the most comprehensive

truths of philosophy. And so on through the whole mighty range of learning and knowledge and wisdom and truth.

Now, young ladies, as unappreciative and sordid and frivolous as people seem to us to be when we are in our pessimistic moods, yet this great comforting fact remains, that after all there is really nothing in this world that mankind values so highly as they do these revelations of truth made by the great seers of the universe. They guard them as precious treasures; they hand them down from generation to generation; they preserve them in blessed books; they establish colleges and universities to teach them to the youth of the land; and when children gather around their parents with that eager cry that ever flows from the young human soul, "What good thing can you show us?" the parents answer, "The best things to show you are the revelations made by the great seers of the universe," and so they send their sons and their daughters to colleges and universities to have their intellects developed, disciplined, ennobled, to have their souls edified, to have their spirits refined and inspired by the study and assimilation of the high and beautiful truths that the great seers of the universe have revealed. That is higher education. It is a blessed privilege to have an higher education. That privilege to some extent at least, you have enjoyed at this college. And I know that every one of these fine and high truths that your mind has really assimilated will be a blessing to your life and to every other life with which your life shall come in contact. I believe your whole nature has been enriched and your power for doing good has been greatly increased by reason of the higher education you have received at this college. A sacred obligation rests upon you to use that power

earnestly and conscientiously. A sacred obligation rests upon you not to allow the seed of high thinking that has been planted in your mind to be overgrown and choked to death by the rank weeds of worldliness and frivolity. You have been taught to read and understand and enjoy the productions of the greatest minds of earth; now just as soon as you leave college don't abandon these entirely to waste your time and stultify your intellect with every fashionable novel that comes from the press "wet with the latest spray of folly." Don't turn from the Pierian springs to slake your thirst with ditch-water. You have studied the lives of some of the greatest heroes that ever breathed the breath of life; then surely you ought never to be little-souled and mean-spirited. You have watched the ever-burning stars of God in their sublime courses through the heavens; then surely you ought never to be narrow minded about anything under the sun.

Man is the noblest thing in the universe; mind is the noblest thing in man; intellect is the noblest thing in mind; and the noblest function of intellect is not to pry into things with narrow cunning, not to regard things with foxy shrewdness, not to handle things for your own little, mean, selfish purposes, but to see things in their large relations, to trace them to everlasting verities, and to recognize in them that unity in diversity "whose voice is the harmony of the universe and whose seat is the bosom of God!" The aim of higher education is to bring the human intellect up to the performance of this, its highest function.

It is a very abrupt transition to pass from the education of the intellect to the education of the affections. Necessarily so, because there is no close connection between the intellect and the affections.

The possession of a great intellect indicates nothing, either one way or the other, as to the qualities of the heart and a purely intellectual education has no tendency to make people practically better hearted or kinder hearted. The heart must have its own education, quite distinct from the education of the head; and there are few things in a woman's life of greater concern than this education of the heart. I say emphatically in a woman's life, because I believe the affections play a more important part in the lives of women than they do in the lives of men. "Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," says the poet Byron. That is not altogether so, but there is a great deal of truth in it. In woman's nature beyond the horizon of the intellect sweeps the horizon of the affections. Deeper than her desire for knowledge or wealth or fame or power is her desire to love and to be loved.

However strong her intellect may be, however mighty her will may be, the affections are still the dominant power of her being. In the exercise of the affections she finds the greatest satisfaction of her life. The affections are the crowning glory of her womanhood. Through the affections she controls, far more than she knows, the destinies of the human race. How important it is then that her affections should be educated! That education is not to be had from schools or colleges or from books. It is not to be had by reading sentimental novels and crying over them. It is not to be had by going to the theatre and being deeply stirred by these pathetic, emotional plays. It is not to be had by listening to grandiloquent sermons on the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Literature and discourses like these create in the human heart a strong sentimental, subjective emotion that

is very pleasant, very self-satisfying; but they do not really educate the affections, they do not make people practically better hearted or kinder hearted. The greatest preacher of the gospel of Love that the world ever saw was Jesus Christ; but if you will notice whenever Jesus Christ uses that word "love" he never means by it merely the sentimental, subjective emotion; he always means by it the feeling that shows itself in some unselfish, objective deed of human kindness. Take for instance that beautiful tenth chapter of St. Luke where with so much unction he announces the doctrine, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and when the smart young man in the crowd, thinking to entrap him, calls out, "And who is my neighbor?" Jesus replies by simply narrating the story of the good Samaritan, closing with the injunction, "Go thou and do likewise!" So I say to you, young ladies — "Go thou and do likewise!" I once heard of a poor emigrant, who, with his wife and little children and all of his possessions, was traveling through the country in a two-horse wagon. While they were passing through a little town on their journey the horses became frightened and ran away, tearing the wagon all to pieces and breaking and ruining much of the furniture. A crowd of curious spectators gathered around the wreck and around the poor woe-begone man and the weeping woman, with expressions of pity, "Oh, how sorry I am!" but without offering any help. At last a big, rough-looking man in the crowd, holding a bank-bill up overhead in his hand, called out, "How much are you sorry? I am sorry ten dollars' worth!" and handed the money to the distressed family to help repair the damage. That illustrates the difference between the subjective emotion and objective deed of kindness. Not by thinking chari-

table thoughts, not by feeling tender hearted but only by habitually doing unselfish deeds of human kindness can the affections be educated.

I hope you girls will never forget the fine talk that Dr. Payne gave us on this very line, over yonder in the Mansion Study Hall, when he was here two years ago. I hope you will never forget those two impressive illustrations that he narrated to us: that incident which he himself witnessed, of the Episcopal preacher, who, after reading the burial service over the grave of the dead child, turned his back upon the heart-broken, weeping young father and mother without one word of comfort or even of recognition; and that other still more deeply impressive illustration of grand old Thomas Carlyle, who, twenty years after the death of his beloved wife, uttered from a remorseful heart those eloquent words of warning, "Dost thou intend a kindness to thy beloved ones? Do it straightway, while the baleful future is not here!"

My young friends, there are very few persons in this world who have reached their majority who have not reason to feel the reproach contained in these two illustrations. God grant that you may never have reason to feel so keenly as many of us ought to feel those words of Carlyle, "Dost thou intend a kindness to thy beloved one? Do it straightway while the baleful future is not here!" Speak the kind word, do the kind deed habitually, thoughtfully, unselfishly, to every human being with whose life your life shall come in contact whenever opportunity offers and occasion calls, that is the way to educate the affections.

We come lastly to the education of the will. That is the most important part of every person's education, because the ultimate aim of education is the

formation of character, but character is determined by the quality and condition of the will. In the beginning of this part of my subject let me say that in my opinion there is a tendency in the popular mind to overaggrandize what is called will power, or strength of will. Most people talk as if they thought strength of will was the most admirable attribute of man's nature. But that is a great mistake. Strength of will *per se*, or in itself, is not a virtue; its merit depends entirely upon its relation to the intellect, the affections, and the conscience. A great intellect and a warm heart are in themselves always admirable, and more or less ennoble every person that possesses them, or either of them, whatever his faults or his shortcomings in other directions may be; but such is not the case with strength of will. Some of the meanest, most despicable, most utterly detestable human beings that I have ever known in my life have possessed great strength of will. Some of the dullest, stupidest, most mutton-headed, most narrow-minded people that I have known in my life possessed wonderfully strong wills. Some of the meanest girls that I have ever known in my life have possessed remarkable will power. In fact, as a general rule, when will power sticks out so prominently in a person's character that it forms the most conspicuous feature in his character, it is a bad sign. The most disagreeable people in the world are frequently constituted that way. These selfish, tyrannical, overbearing, domineering people are generally constituted that way. Whenever will power greatly outweighs the intellect and the affections, it indicates a bad nature. The hatefulest and most pernicious people in this world are constituted that way. No, as I have said, a strong will *per se*, or in itself, is not a virtue. Strength of will is admirable only when it is

lighted by the intellect, inspired by the affections, and controlled by the conscience. That is the idea that rough old David Crockett had in mind when he uttered that immortal epigram, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead!"

Now, young ladies, even at the risk of being tedious and tiresome, I do wish, as the closing part of my address to you to-day, to give you three or four practical rules for the education of the will. I do this because I sincerely believe if you will heed and practice these rules it will be of real value in the up-building and perfecting of your characters.

The first rule that I would give you for the education of your will is this: Learn, when duty calls, to do what you don't feel like doing. Do what you don't feel like doing!

I once knew a man who when in the prime of life was stricken with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which settled in his knee-joints. He said to his physician one day, "Doctor, can I ever be cured of this terrible malady?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "you are already getting well, and in the course of a month or two you will be entirely cured as far as the disease itself is concerned, but I am sorry to tell you that it is going to leave you with stiff knee-joints and all the rest of your life you will have to hobble with a stick." "Doctor," said the man, "is there no way to avoid that calamity?" "Yes," answered the doctor, "if you would stand erect for an hour every day, a half hour in the morning and a half hour in the afternoon, and work your knee-joints up and down vigorously, like a soldier marking double-quick time, the stiffness would be entirely prevented; but you couldn't do that, the pain would be so great that no human being could stand it." "Doctor," said the man, "if what you say

is true, I shall never have stiff knee-joints!" And so every day for a month after that for a half hour in the morning and for a half hour in the afternoon that man stood erect and worked his knee-joints up and down vigorously like a soldier marking double-quick time. Every movement caused him the most excruciating, agonizing pain, so much so that his family and friends begged him to desist, but he persisted in doing it, consequently the suppleness of his knee-joints was perfectly restored, and he preserved to extreme old age wonderful physical strength and activity. Now you may be sure that that man didn't feel like working his knee-joints up and down, but he had strength of will to do what he didn't feel like doing, and great was his reward. Thousands and thousands of people, nay nearly all of us in fact, go through life more or less stiff-jointed and hobbling in body, intellect, and in character because we have not sufficiently disciplined ourselves to do what we don't feel like doing. All through your life, young ladies, duty, duty to yourself, duty to your family, duty to your neighbor, duty to your God will call on you to do things that you don't feel like doing; from such a small thing as getting up from your comfortable bed when the rising-bell rings in the morning to some supreme duty which some day may confront you, the performance of which will test the highest heroism of your nature and wring your heart-strings with agony.

There is no better education for the will than this: Always to do promptly and uncomplainingly in small things and great things what you ought to do, without the least consideration as to whether you feel like doing it or not. Bear that injunction in mind. Now while you are young accustom yourselves to do what you don't feel like doing.

The second rule that I would give you for the education of the will is the converse of the one that I have just given. It is this: Accustom yourself not to do what you feel like doing. Don't do what you feel like doing! I once knew a man who had been an habitual drunkard for twenty years. During the whole of that time scarcely a day had passed that he hadn't drunk from a pint to a quart of whisky and scarcely a week had passed that he hadn't gone home at least once staggering drunk. One day as he entered his house in that condition he held out his arms in maudlin affection to his little three-year-old baby girl, his youngest child, his only daughter, the darling of his heart. The child perceiving his condition shrank from him in repulsion and disgust. It cut him to the heart as nothing had ever done before. He raised his hands towards heaven and said, "So help me God, I will never drink another drop!" and he never did. I have myself heard that man tell in vivid and touching language of the terrible sufferings he endured in his fight against the evil habit. Dives in the torments of hell, calling to Father Abraham for a drop of water to cool his burning tongue, felt no more torturing thirst than that poor man felt for his accustomed drink of liquor, but he touched it not. After a few months of struggle he conquered not only the habit but the taste itself. Consequently, instead of going down to a premature drunkard's grave, leaving his family a heritage of shame, he lived to old age, healthy, happy, honorable and honored. It is impossible to imagine how any human being could feel more like doing anything than that man felt like taking his accustomed drink of liquor, but he had strength of will not to do what he felt like doing, and great was his reward. There is no finer discipline for the will than this: To accustom

yourself when duty demands, not to do what you feel like doing.

The third rule that I would give you for the education of the will is this: Don't be wilful! Do you know what that word wilful means? You know what is meant by a wilful child. It means the most disagreeable kind of a child. It means a child that always insists on having his way, and is utterly heedless of all appeals either to his reason or his affections. Well, there are wilful grown people as well as wilful children. And pardon me for saying it, but I believe women are more prone to that fault than men are. I have seen good women, women of culture and refinement, cause serious trouble in important affairs of life just because they would not give up their way, not from any deep convictions that their way was the only right way, but simply because it happened to be their way, originated with them, suited their convenience. I say I have often seen women show great will power in that way; but that is a very mean way. That is sheer egotism of the will, and egotism of the will is the worst kind of egotism. Beware of that fault. Don't try to have your way just for the sake of having your way. Especially if you should ever be actively connected with any affair of public or general or social interest, try to rid yourself of all egotism, of all personalism, be objective and not subjective. Avoid egotism of will, cultivate impersonalism of will—that is the third rule that I would give you for the education of the will.

The fourth and last rule that I would give you for the education of the will is this: Don't allow your individuality to be dominated by the will of another. You frequently hear it said that such and such a person is completely under the influence of such an-

other person. For instance, "Jane Smith is completely under the influence of Sarah Brown; Sarah can just twist her about her fingers"—that is what I mean by domination. I am always sorry for a person that falls under that kind of domination of another person. It is bad for you to fall under that kind of domination of another person even if that person is greatly superior to yourself. But unfortunately it frequently happens that the dominor is inferior to the dominee. In other words, it frequently happens that a superior nature falls under the moral dominance of an inferior nature. I have seen many instances of that sort myself. I have seen instances of that sort right here among the students of this college. I have seen right here among the students of this college instances where one girl would fall more or less completely under the influence of another girl who was inferior to her in intellect, inferior to her in heart, inferior to her in conscience, inferior to her in every way except in will power or force of character; that was the weak point in the dominated one and that is how she came to be dominated. So, I say, it frequently happens that a superior nature falls under the moral dominance of an inferior nature. Shakespeare in his great tragedies gives us some striking illustrations of this. The wily Cassius dominated the far nobler Brutus. The hateful Iago dominated the great-hearted, magnanimous Othello. The utterly wicked Lady Macbeth dominated the partially wicked Macbeth. She completely paralyzed his better inclinations, which but for her would undoubtedly have prevailed. That animated dialogue between the husband and wife just before the murder of Duncan is a regular wrestling-match between a strong bad will and a weak good will.

It also frequently happens that one person allows his intellect to be completely dominated by the intellect of another person. Here is a very notable illustration of that: George Eliot, one of the greatest women writers that the world ever saw, had her beautiful, glorious, feminine genius literally ruined because she allowed her intellect to be dominated by the intellect of George Henry Lewes and Herbert Spencer and other masculine, hard-thinking, dry-thinking philosophers. When she was a girl, a country girl, from the pure depths of her own inspiration and intuitions she wrote *Adam Bede*, one of the finest productions that ever came from a woman's brain. Then she went to London where she became acquainted with those masculine, hard-thinking, dry-thinking philosophers. They made a great pet of her. They undertook to educate and develop her. She gladly put herself under their tutelage. She allowed her intellect to be completely dominated by their intellect, and from that very moment her works began to deteriorate, and she ended at last by writing that wretched philosophical production, *Theophrastus Such*; and it is said that that brilliant, gifted woman, that poor deluded wretch believed to the last day of her life that that miserable, philosophic rot, *Theophrastus Such*, was the best thing she ever wrote. Her mind had lost its spring and spontaneity, her soul had lost its intuitions and inspirations; the splendid God-given powers of her individual genius had collapsed and gone to ruin because she allowed her intellect to be dominated by the intellect of others. Young ladies, I have seen instances like that among ordinary people. I have seen teachers dominate the minds of their pupils until they could not think an independent thought. I have seen parents dominate the whole nature of their children until they could not call their souls

their own. I have seen sons who were but weak echoes of their fathers; I have seen daughters who were but weak echoes of their mothers. I have seen many persons, and especially school-teachers, who had been so long and so completely dominated by ideas that they got from books that they had well nigh lost the power of seeing anything with their own individual eyes or observing anything with their own individual minds. That sort of dominance is always pernicious. It means an arrested development, a stunted growth, an artificial character, the weakening or nullifying of the spontaneous and best powers of one's nature. Young ladies, if you should ever feel that kind of dominance, from whatever source it may come, tightening down upon your faculties of mind or heart or character, summon all the will power with which the Almighty has endowed you, and shake yourself free from the bondage; preserve your individuality! That is the end of my speech to you to-day. I thank you for your patient hearing. Pardon me for having detained you so long.

I am glad that the Almighty has vouchsafed so beautiful a morning as this for your graduating day. All nature seems to sympathize with this occasion! This good earth of ours seems as fresh and fair to-day as it was six thousand years ago when in the Garden of Eden the first roses bloomed! She is garlanded with her noblest verdure, her breath is redolent with the fragrance of her sweetest flowers, and across her heavenly brow these nights she wears a diadem of her most glorious stars. May these aspects of nature, so lovely, so inspiring, be typical, symbolic of your future lives.

God bless you, and sanctify your being to His honor and glory in this world and in the world to come forever and forevermore!

“Deep Calls Unto Deep.”

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: I have often thought that it would be best for me to abandon the practice of making this annual farewell speech to the graduating class, because any words that I can utter always seem to me so totally inadequate to express the feelings of my heart or to do justice to the beauty, the tenderness, the deep significance of this occasion. I believe that every person in this large audience feels with me at this moment that it is one of those occasions when, to use the beautiful words of the Psalmist, “deep calls unto deep.” And I shall take that little sentence as the theme of my discourse to you this morning—“Deep Calls Unto Deep.” That is what I want to talk to you about to-day—“deep calls unto deep.”

The human soul has its shallows and the human soul has its deeps, and the universe that environs the human soul has its shallows and has its deeps, and the shallow things of the universe are continually calling upon the shallows in the human soul and the deep things of the universe are continually calling unto the deeps in the human soul: Shallow calls unto shallow, deep calls unto deep.

Several years ago during that great exposition in Atlanta, I sat one night with a crowd of ten thousand people on the sloping terraces overlooking the exposition grounds, and I saw the most magnificent display of fireworks that I had ever witnessed. It was gorgeous, brilliant, dazzling beyond description, and that whole crowd of ten thousand human beings went

into ecstasies of delight over the spectacle, and the biggest fool in that crowd enjoyed that show as much as the finest intellect there. It was shallow calling unto shallow. It flashed up and went out, and was as if it had never been. In less than one hour it was all over and darkness settled upon the earth again; and then I just happened to look up and I saw all the stars of God, those ineffable, beguiling stars which, through all the ages, have sung their silent songs to the hearts of men, which through all the ages have been the object of profoundest study to the finest minds of earth, which through all the ages have been an inspiration to poets and to devout and worshipful souls—I saw those quiet, eternal stars looking serenely down from the high heavens on that foolish crowd that had gone wild over the bursting of sky-rockets, and somehow the stars never seemed so beautiful and sublime to me as they did that night after that fanfaronade of fireworks; and I thought to myself: Here are two symbols of human life; *that* was shallow calling unto shallow; *there* is deep calling unto deep.

All through your life, young ladies, you will meet with experiences like that. All through your life from the universe without there will come to your soul within calls, shallow calls and deep calls—shallow calling unto shallow, and deep calling unto deep. In the books that you read, in the persons that you meet, in the events of your own life, in the work that you do, there will be shallows and there will be deeps, shallow calling unto shallow, and deep calling unto deep; and your soul, your spirit, your whole nature will get its education by responding to these calls—shallow responding unto shallow, and deep responding unto deep.

In the first place, in the books that you read, you

will find shallow-calling books, and you will find deep-calling books. Several years ago, as you doubtless remember, a book by the name of "Trilby" was published, and all the fools in the world, and nearly all the wise people, too, went wild over "Trilby"; and certainly it was a very charming book, written by a bright and gifted man, and the biggest fool that read it could appreciate it for all that it was worth about as much as the wisest man that read it—it was shallow calling unto shallow. More than three centuries ago William Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," and for all these three hundred years the study of that play has been a perpetual delight and joy to the finest intellects of earth, and for all the ages to come it will continue to be to profoundest minds deep calling unto deep. So there are shallow-calling books and there are deep-calling books; and there are also shallow-calling speakers and deep-calling speakers. There is living in this country at this time a very brilliant man who goes around delivering lectures. His name is Robert Ingersoll, or Bob Ingersoll, as he is familiarly called. Last winter this Bob Ingersoll delivered one of his fascinating lectures up here in Atlanta, and by the universal agreement of all who heard it, the finest part of that lecture was what he had to say about the preciousness of children; the passage was so beautiful that it was copied in many of our daily newspapers and was read by thousands of people. I read it myself and it certainly was a masterpiece of exquisite word-painting. But nearly two thousand years ago another lecturer in a little impromptu speech of less than a dozen words discussed precisely that same subject, the preciousness of children. It happened this way: "And they brought young children unto him that he might lay his hands upon them, and the disciples rebuked those

that brought them; but when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them: Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever does not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall in nowise enter therein. And he took them up in his arms and laid his hands upon them and blessed them." As long as the human race endures, and for centuries after the pretty conceits of Mr. Bob Ingersoll shall have fallen into oblivion, that little speech of Jesus Christ's will continue to appeal to mother-hearts, deep calling unto deep. My dear young friends, in our day and time there is an abundance and a very excessive superabundance of books of the "Trilby" kind, and speakers of the Bob Ingersoll kind, bright, smart, clever, witty, brilliant books and speakers, but most of them, or quite all of them, are but shallow calling unto shallow.

Some of these books are undoubtedly good, strong books well worth reading, books that all young people like yourselves ought to read, because the shallows of man's nature must be educated as well as the deeps. It is just as important to educate the shallows as it is to educate the deeps; and as a matter of fact much the larger portion of the education of most people necessarily consists in the education of the shallows. So I do not mean by what I have said to make a wholesale condemnation of all present-day literature. But what I do wish to say to you in all seriousness is this: If you confine your reading exclusively even to the very best books now being produced, the great deeps of your spirit will never be touched; if you confine your thinking to what is called the modern progressive trend of thought, the greatest and noblest powers with which the Almighty

has endowed your mind will become atrophied from sheer disuse. Not one book in ten thousand reaches or is capable of reaching the great deeps of the human spirit. If I should speak entirely from my own individual experience I would say that only two writers of the English language in this nineteenth century have reached the very deeps, and they are the American Emerson and the English Carlyle. Of course there are others, but with them I am not personally acquainted, and in this last talk that I shall make to you I am determined to speak exclusively from my own experience and observation, and from the deepest convictions of my own individual mind and heart. After you leave school I want to beg you to try Emerson and Carlyle, Carlyle especially, for not only in my own humble opinion, but in the judgment of the finest intellects of this time, his is the most powerful, deepest-calling voice that has spoken to the spirit of man in this nineteenth century. I want you to read Carlyle's lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship; his essays on Robert Burns, Samuel Johnson, Voltaire, Rousseau, and that remarkable essay on Characteristics, and also those matchless little gems of biography, his sketch of his own father, John Carlyle, and his own wife, Jane Welch Carlyle; and I want you to read from Emerson his essays on Nature, Self-Reliance, Behavior, Manners, Spiritual Laws and so on. I sincerely believe if you will read, absorb, and assimilate these things you will have harkened to the very deepest-calling voices that have spoken to the human spirit in this nineteenth century. But, young ladies, you must go much further back than the nineteenth century to find the very deepest calling of all books, that oldest of all books, the Hebrew Bible; Holy Bible, we call it. It is a sacred book to us because it teaches the religion

in which we believe, but leaving entirely out of consideration its sacred or religious character and regarding it as mere human literature, the Bible is still the grandest book that ever has been written. If I were an atheist like Voltaire and believed the Bible to be the exponent of a baleful superstition, if I were a materialist like Herbert Spencer and believed the religion of the Bible to be a delusion and a dream, if I were a blatant agnostic like Bob Ingersoll and believed the doctrines of the Bible to be a lie, I should still say that as mere human literature the Bible is the grandest book that ever has been written and a priceless treasure to mankind. In clearness and depth of insight into human nature and human life, in the vivid portraiture of actual men and women, in grand presentation of sublime human tragedies, in beauty and in power of expression, in everything that constitutes the finest and noblest qualities of what we call literature, the Bible is the supreme masterpiece of all the ages, surpassing even Shakespeare, which comes next to it. After you leave school I presume, as a matter of course, that you will continue to study the Bible as religion, but I want to ask you to study it also as literature. I want you to read over and over again the Psalms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Job, and Revelations, because they contain not in their entirety but in frequent passages and chapters, the sublimest poetry that ever burst from the human soul. I want you to read the two books of Kings, the two books of Samuel, Ruth, Esther, and Daniel, because every one of these great life stories is better told and more interesting than the greatest novel in the world; I want you to read the four gospels over and over again, because they present in a manner that is simply perfect the profoundest, and most pathetic tragedy that was ever enacted on this

earth and tell in language of matchless eloquence the most beautiful and deepest-reaching truths that ever stirred the human heart or edified the human soul. Now, in conclusion on this part of my subject, upon which I have already dwelt too long (I promise you I will not dwell so long on the other parts), let me give you a few hints or suggestions as to how to read great books. In the first place, read them, as far as practicable, only when your mind is in its highest and best moods. In the second place, read them over and over again. In the third place, read them by yourselves—read them alone. Above all things, don't make the mistake of taking your great book and running with it to one of these literary societies or clubs with any hope that the smart, nicely-dressed ladies and gentlemen assembled there can in anywise interpret to your soul the message that the great book has for you. These literary societies and clubs which are so extremely popular in our day are most commendable institutions. Far be it from me to say a disparaging word about them, because I believe in them sincerely and strongly; but after all, they are only splendid devices for cultivating the shallows of the human intellect, and in that they are doing a great work, for, as I have said, the shallows must be educated as well as the deeps. But no literary society or club or coterie in this world ever has or ever can help the human soul into the real understanding or the real enjoyment of any truly great book. Take your Browning to the literary club if you wish to, but not your Carlyle, not your Shakespeare, not your Bible! Read your great book as you say your prayers—in your closet with the door shut. In solitude only can your soul truly respond to that still, small voice in which deep calls unto deep.

In the second place, young ladies, in the persons that you meet, in the acquaintances that you form, in the friends that you make, you will get from some—and they will be the large majority—shallow calling unto shallow; you will get from others, and they will be the few rare and choice spirits—deep calling unto deep. Sir Richard Steele, the brilliant English essayist, once said about Lady Flora Temple, “To know Lady Flora is a liberal education.” That is considered one of the finest compliments that was ever paid to any human being, but now I want to tell you about a compliment that I once heard that was much greater and finer than that. In my youth I once read a private personal letter written to an old man by one of the most distinguished statesmen that the South has produced in these latter years, a native Georgian but the adopted son of another State. The letter was written at a time when this statesman was passing through the stormiest and most trying period of his long public career, under circumstances that were putting him to a crucial test. In the letter he said to the old man: “During the whole of this terrible ordeal my soul has turned towards you. You are the Gamaliel at whose feet I learned the noblest lessons of my life. The impression that your character, the purest and loftiest that I have ever known, made upon me in my young manhood has been to me in every trying hour a great inspiration, and more than anything else has helped me through all the temptations and corruptions of political life to preserve mine integrity and to keep my soul erect. Pardon me, my dear sir, for this plain speaking, but my heart knows to whom it owes its debt of deepest gratitude and loves to acknowledge it.” Now, my dear young friends, to know a person like that is better than a liberal education. One of the most

fortunate things that can happen to a boy or a girl or a young man or a young woman is to be brought into close and intimate relations with a good and lofty spirit like that whose influence will be to them all through life, as it was to that distinguished statesman, deep calling unto deep. It is often said that young people are very fine judges of human character, and I suppose in a certain sense that may be true, but in another sense it is very far from being true. Young people, and especially fine-grained, impressionable young people, are very apt to pay too great hero worship to persons who are merely bright and clever and charming in manner and conversation, and who possess what is called personal magnetism but who are lacking in integrity and sincerity and nobility of character. Young people of naturally noble instincts and impulses often suffer irreparable and lasting harm from falling under the influence of a person like that. Robert Burns, the great Scotch poet and a most noble-natured man, suffered a lifelong damage to his moral habits and had his instinctively fine ideals of conduct debased and degraded just because when he was a youth he happened to be thrown for six months into intimate friendship with a person like that—that is, of brilliant intellect, charming manners, personal magnetism, but of low character.

Young ladies, several months ago I read a very interesting description of a famous picture painted by some celebrated artist. It was called "The Heart of the Andes," and it represented a landscape scene in the midst of the great Andes mountains in South America. In the background of the picture was a lofty mountain-peak covered with eternal snows and lit up by the golden beams of the setting sun. In the foreground were trees and beautiful tropical flowers and birds of gor-

geous plumage and crags and cliffs and lights and shades and mountain streams and foaming cataracts wildly leaping. Thousands of people came to see that picture, and all were deeply impressed not only with its beauty but with its grandeur and nobility; and as they stood in front of it many were the enthusiastic comments on those beautiful features in the foreground; the trees, the beautiful tropical flowers, the birds of gorgeous plumage, the crags and the cliffs, the lights and shades, the mountain streams, the foaming cataract wildly leaping, all came in for their share of enthusiastic admiration, but scarcely one person in a hundred seemed to notice that mountain-peak snow-covered and sunlit in the background; but now you just step to that picture and with your hand or some larger screen cover up and conceal from view that mountain-peak, and lo, what a change! From the picture the grandeur and the glory have departed! And even to the casual observer all of those pretty details in the foreground had lost much of their charm and soon became wearisome and unsatisfying. My young friends, what the background is to the picture, character is to men and women. There are men and women who are like a picture with beautiful, elaborately wrought details in the foreground, but with only a mean, insignificant, ignoble background. I have in my life known men and women who were intellectual, highly cultured, bright, smart, clever, charming, fascinating, and yet who, with it all, were but shallow calling unto shallow, because you felt that behind all their brilliant parts and splendid accomplishments there was no great earnestness, no true sincerity, no depth of conviction, no sublime faith, no loftiness of soul; and on the other hand, I have known men and women whose simplest words and simplest acts were

enhanced in beauty and in power because you knew that they were projected on a background of a great and noble character—shallow calls unto shallow, deep calls unto deep! Youth is the time to put in the background of the picture. It is the morning sky that gets the crimson blush. I believe if lofty conceptions of duty, pure and noble sentiments, high ideals of life, are not fixed in the mind and incorporated into the character long before the age of thirty, they can never be acquired; and that is why I want you now in the days of your youth to read and assimilate at least three or four of the very few supremely great books, and why I wish that you may be brought into close association with strong and noble men and women, because I believe that such influences as these will have a mighty power towards bringing out and developing what is best and highest in your own natures, so that, when in your maturer years your life stands out as a picture painted, those who look upon it may see beyond the beautiful skills or accomplishments in the foreground, the lofty mountain-peak snow-covered and sunlit standing in the background, deep calling unto deep.

In the third place, young ladies, in the events of your own life you will find shallows and you will find deeps; that is to say, in your life you will have shallow-calling experiences and you will have deep-calling experiences. Those events of your life which concern chiefly your pleasures and enjoyments, which administer chiefly to your appetites and tastes, which gratify chiefly your personal pride, ambition and vanity, which promote chiefly your self-interest and your self-aggrandizement, may appear to you just the most important events in your life, they so appear to most people; but such events are only shallow calling unto shallow. They appeal to no great

depths in your nature, they summon into action no noble or heroic power with which the Almighty has endowed you. A dance, a ball, a party, the theatre, the opera, a new dress, a devoted admirer, a summer at one of these fashionable resorts, a trip to Europe, a literary distinction, a social triumph, such things as these naturally seem to a young woman important events in her life and I would wish that a moderate measure of such events might come into the life of every woman; but when a woman's soul hungers and thirsts after events like these and after nothing higher and nobler, when her existence, her thinking existence, her feeling existence, her active existence, is absorbed and consumed by events like these, when her ideal of a happy life is that it shall be crowded with experiences like these, then she is in a sad condition. Then she has become a thoroughly worldly-minded woman; and a worldly-minded woman or a worldly-minded man is a pitiful creature. I should say that a thoroughly worldly-minded person is one who responds with eager alacrity to the shallow calls of human life but who turns a deaf ear and a stony heart to its deep calls. My young friends, there are thousands of people who have gained what is generally considered success in life; that is, have attained wealth, influence, power, social distinction, political promotion and so on, by virtue of being thoroughly and entirely worldly-minded; but God pity the man or the woman who has gained that kind of success. At what a cost it has been purchased! At the cost always of a dwarfed and stunted soul; and even in a temporal sense "what profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," or, what amounts to the same thing, gets his own soul dwarfed and stunted. People are constantly seeking for and striving after the shallow-calling experiences

and events of human life; but the deep-calling events are not to be sought after. They come of themselves, and into every human life they are sure to come. They come generally, not always but most frequently, in some disagreeable or repulsive or hateful form; in the form of a bitter disappointment, a great adversity, a humiliating defeat, a discouraging failure, a serious error or mistake unwarily committed, a terrible grief, a profound sorrow—heart-breaking sorrow, we call it, but if properly responded to, heart-purifying, spirit-ennobling sorrow it generally proves. I once heard this story told about a young woman: She was beautiful and brilliant and accomplished, and was universally recognized as the leader of the fashionable life in the large city in which she lived, and at every brilliant social gathering she was the bright, particular star, the cynosure of all eyes. Her utterly frivolous and wordly life was rapidly causing a serious estrangement between her husband and herself. One night she had arranged to go to a specially distinguished and splendid social function, as they call it, but after she had dressed and was about to start her little three-year-old girl, a beautiful and charming child, to whom she was very deeply devoted, lying asleep in its bed, showed symptoms of an attack of croup, and her husband tried to dissuade her from going, uttered a mild protest against her going and leaving the child—a mild protest, because he had learned from sad experience not to oppose her strongly in anything—but making some plausible excuse for herself she sent for the doctor and before he arrived she left the sick child with the nurse and went to the ball. About one o'clock that night when the festivities were at their height and she as usual was surrounded with an admiring crowd, there came to her from that

home of hers a message that made all the color fly from her cheeks and caused a look of terror to drive the sparkle and the laughter from her eyes. She hurried down stairs as quickly as possible, got into her carriage and was driven rapidly home, getting there just in time to clasp that baby girl to her bosom and to see the unrecognizing glaze come over its eyes and to feel its last breath on her own cold, pallid cheek, and then with one wild scream of agony she fell upon the floor in all her ballroom finery in a dead faint. When she recovered from that stupor she was a completely changed woman. In the twinkling of an eye she had been converted from a butterfly of fashion into one of the noblest, most earnest-minded, most consecrated of women. That awful event had been to her indeed deep calling unto deep. Parents are prone to wish for their sons that they may have a life of uninterrupted prosperity and for their daughters that their pathway from the cradle to the grave may be flower-strewn; but I do not know that it is a wise wish. God pity the man that has never had an adversity, God pity the woman that has never had a sorrow. It is from experiences like these that the human spirit gets its finest and noblest education; it is in events like these that deep calls unto deep.

In the fourth place and lastly, young ladies, in the work that you will do there will be shallows and there will be deeps. In considering this proposition, let us confine ourselves to a single illustration or to a single kind of work. Most of you expect to enter very soon upon the work of teaching, and as a matter of fact all of you, whether you expect it or not, will almost certainly become teachers. Women are the heaven-ordained teachers of the human race; that is her great specialty; that is the high calling to which God and Nature have appointed her.

The ideal teacher must have two principal qualifications. In the first place, she must have the technical or shallow-calling qualification. In the second place, she must have the spiritual or deep-calling qualification. This normal school or college, which you have been attending several years, has provided you in a large measure with the teacher's technical qualification; that is, it has given you scholarship in the principal branches of education; it has given you knowledge of pedagogy, psychology, methods of instruction, and so on. You will find these things, these technicalities of the profession, to be of inestimable value to you in the work of teaching. But from a far higher source than any normal school in this world must come that deep call that will give you the teacher's spiritual qualification—the earnest mind, the loving heart, the consecrated soul. One of the greatest teachers that ever lived in this world, that teacher whom men call Divine, but for our present purpose let us leave His divinity entirely out of consideration, let us forget the miracles that he is said to have performed, let us put aside for our present purpose the religion that he established, and let us regard him as a purely human man doing only those things that it is entirely possible for a purely human man to do, and let us judge his teaching work by the rigid criterion of our science of pedagogy—even regarding him in this purely human aspect, I say still that one of the greatest teachers that ever lived in this world was he who taught two thousand years ago in the far East in a little country called Palestine, by the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. He never went to a normal school, he never studied psychology or pedagogy, he never attended a teachers' institute, he never read an educational journal,

and yet he taught the multitudes that thronged around him in temples, in synagogues, in city streets, among the mountains, by the seashore, on the green, grassy plains, he taught them, I say, with a power that has never been equaled in the whole history of educational institutions; he taught them in parables and in living object-lessons, which for beauty, directness and aptness are absolutely matchless in the whole range of your fine art of pedagogy.

Now, if you analyze the secret of that great teacher's power you will find that it consists of three things: First, in his vivid conception of the truths that he had to teach; second, in his entire consecration of purpose to teach that truth; third, in his sincere, deep love and sympathy for the human hearts and human lives around him. And, my dear young friends, after all is said and done, from like sources must come your real power as a teacher—from your clear, vivid conception of the truths that you have to teach, your perfect consecration of purpose to teach that truth, and your deep, sincere love for the young human souls that gather around you to receive that teaching. Without these great fundamental underlying qualities of mind, and heart and spirit, all that normal schools and pedagogy and psychology can do for you will avail you little. Those of you who have read George Eliot's great novel, "Adam Bede," doubtless remember that beautiful character Dinah, Dinah the poor, pious woman preacher; and you probably remember how at the great revival meetings that were going on in her neighborhood she astonished and thrilled the people with her beautiful and powerful prayers, and you remember how the highly cultured and gifted young parson went to her one day and said: "Dinah, where did you learn to pray so well? With all my education and years of experience I can not pray such beautiful

and powerful prayers as you do. How did you learn to pray so, Dinah?" "Nay, master," she said, "I did not learn to pray; I love the great God and I love his people, and when I kneel among them at our meetings the prayers just come, but I know not how they come. Nay, master, I did not learn to pray." And so, my young friends, if you have any of the born teacher in you, the very best thing that you will ever do in the schoolroom will not be the things that you have learned to do from this normal school or that you can learn to do from pedagogy or psychology, but they will be the things that will just come to you in rare and luminous moments of your life when the spirit most informs you, when deep calls unto deep, just as the parables came to the blessed Jesus, just as the beautiful prayers came to the lips of poor, pious Dinah. After all is said and done, after normal schools, pedagogy, psychology, teachers' institutes and educational journals have done their best, your real power as a teacher must come from an earnest mind and loving heart and consecrated spirit; shallow calls unto shallow and deep calls unto deep!

From the classic halls and quiet academic groves of this Georgia Normal and Industrial College you are about to pass out into the world, carrying with you the official testimonial of the good and faithful work that you have done in this institution; but deeper than that, and I hope to you far more precious than that, you will carry with you the sincere, warm affection of the president and of every teacher in this institution. You will carry with you the deep, abiding love and the earnest blessing of your Alma Mater. Out of reach of her immediate presence you are about to pass, but may her voice, her tender, loving voice, still always be heard by you, "deep calling unto deep!"

"A Still Small Voice."

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: I shall take a certain sublime passage from the Bible as a sort of text for what I have to say to you this morning. The passage is found in the Old Testament, in the nineteenth chapter of the first Book of Kings. That chapter tells how the prophet Elijah, broken by calamities, bowed down with sorrow and despair, withdrew from his people and went far out into the forest, where, falling upon his knees, he prayed in agony of spirit to Almighty God to send death to him. But death came not. Then wandering further on he hid himself in a cave and prayed to God to come and speak to him, and God did come and did speak to him inspiring words that revived his spirits, rekindled his courage, and reformed and transformed his life! The sublime passage that describes the manner in which God came and the manner in which God spake to Elijah those inspiring words shall be the text of my discourse to you this morning. Here is that passage, listen to it: "And behold the Lord passed by, and a mighty and great wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice! and when Elijah heard that, he wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood in the entering of the cave"—to hear the words of the Lord. Then that "still small

voice" spake to Elijah those inspiring words that revived his spirits, rekindled his courage, and reformed and transformed his life!

Young ladies, the experience of Elijah has been the experience of well-nigh all good men, of well-nigh all strong, brave, noble men that have ever lived in this world. The words that have most helped to make them good, to make them brave and strong and noble, have come to them in a "still small voice!" In woman's "still small voice," in woman's voice soft and low!—oh, my dear young friends, that is the greatest moral power in this world of ours!

Young ladies, several years ago there came down to the State of Georgia from certain Northern States, from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, and so on, a company of very smart, very intellectual, very earnest women. They came down to the State of Georgia on a mission. They came down to the State of Georgia to say to the women of Georgia: "O Georgia women, through all the years you have been deeply and grossly wronged! Through all the years the men of your State have allowed you to speak only in a 'still small voice!' But we have come to tell you that you have a right to speak in far other voices than that. You have a right to howl in the great and mighty wind of political strife; you have a right to roar and shriek and screech in the earthquake of social revolutions; you have a right to lick out a tongue of fire from the pulpit, from the rostrum, from the court-house, from legislative halls, from the politician's stump! O women of Georgia, you owe it to yourselves, you owe it to your sex, to assert and practice these rights! You owe it to your sex not to humiliate yourselves any longer by speaking only

in the 'still small voice!' " Those good women (for I believe they were good women)—those good women, with their heads full of that perverted idea, were most courteously received by the people of Georgia. They were allowed to say their say and speak their speech from the rostrum of the largest hall in the city of Atlanta, and hundreds and thousands of Georgia women went to hear them say their say and speak their speech; they listened to them politely, they hearkened to them attentively, they even applauded their eloquence! But no sooner had those good missionaries gone back to their home in the North than the perverted doctrine that they had preached "passed like a summer's cloud" from the minds of Georgia women, and from the universal heart of Georgia's womanhood went out the response: "That doctrine that you have preached may be a good thing for your people and your State, but not for Georgia, not for Georgia!"

Oh, may Georgia women never forget that great unchangeable truth: that woman's true power lies, and must ever lie, in the "still small voice!" It is not the voice of weakness; it is not the voice of meekness; it is not the voice of humility; it is not the voice of abjection; it is not the voice of subjection. Nay, it is just the most commanding and authoritative voice that speaks in all this world, that "still small voice" of woman, woman's voice soft and low! There is no other influence on earth to which all that is best in man's nature responds so freely and so gladly as to the "still small voice" of woman, woman's voice soft and low. But, of course, in order to be thus powerfully effective for good that voice must be the expression of all that is best in womanhood. It must be the expression of a nature that is pure and chaste and modest and refined;

it must be the expression of a disposition that is tender and affectionate and loving and devoted; it must be the expression of a being that instinctively speaks more from the heart than from the brain, more from intuition than from logic, more from impulse than from reasoning, more from faith than from understanding; it must be the expression of a character that, though gentle, is firm and true and earnest and forceful, and last, but not least, it must speak with intelligence, it must speak from a well-informed mind and an educated intellect. That is the ideal of womanhood. That is the womanhood to which every knee bows and to which all hearts respond! The more nearly any woman approaches to that ideal the greater her power for good in this world.

An educated womanhood! that is the requisite of the ideal that I would specially emphasize: the intelligent, the well-informed mind, the educated intellect, that is absolutely necessary to give full force and inspiring power to the "still small voice!" A woman educated, put her where you please, possesses immeasurably greater power for good than the same woman uneducated can possibly have. It is, therefore, of prime importance for a country to have an educated womanhood. People in speaking to me about this institution frequently say: "What a great work your school is doing, fitting so many Georgia girls to make their own living." Well, that is true, and it is a very gratifying truth, but I don't like for that reason for the being of this school to be too strongly or too exclusively urged. In the first place, I don't like to think that so many Georgia girls will have to make their own living. I hope none of you will have yours to make, not for very long, anyhow. In the second place, I don't

like for this school to be considered as an institution for turning out mere wage-earners, mere bread-winners, mere workwomen, however expert and highly skillful. It does that, it is true, and thank God that it does; far be it from me to disparage or undervalue that grand function of this school; but surely it does much more than that for the hundreds of Georgia girls who come here every year. Surely it improves the tone and quality and adds to the authority and inspiring power of that "still small voice" which must call Elijahs from their caves all over the State of Georgia to speak to them words that will help to make them good and strong and brave and noble. That is the highest reason for the being of this school.

A liberally educated womanhood is just as important to a country as a liberally educated manhood is. From the University of Georgia there will go out in a few days a class of young men graduates. It is to be presumed that these young men, or many of them at least, will take an active, leading part in the public affairs of the country. They will vote, they will attend political conventions, they will make campaign speeches and party harangues, they will go to the Legislature, perhaps to Congress, they will fill local, State and national offices of high and low degree, they will be the lawmakers and the law administrators of the country; and one of the principal reasons for giving them that liberal education at the University is to fit them for the performance of those high and responsible duties. But, young ladies, there lie before you duties just as high and responsible, nay, higher and more responsible, and that require for their efficient performance an education just as liberal and of even a finer texture! In the home, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, it

will be for you, in that "still small voice," to speak, line upon line and precept upon precept, words more potent for good than any public speech that any man can make, though he have the power to sway assembled thousands or listening senates to command! In the schoolroom, as teacher, it will be for you, in that "still small voice," to impart to young minds and hearts while they are "wax to receive and marble to retain" impressions, lessons that will endure while life remains. In society, as organizer and law-giver, it will be for you, in that "still small voice," to sound the keynote of culture to which all voices must accord; it will be for you, in that "still small voice," to dictate what shall be the standard of conduct and behavior and to make a code of morals more binding than any statute ever passed in legislative halls! In the church, as worker and worshiper, in that "still small voice," it will be for you to give to religion its highest sanction and, like the vestal virgins of old, to keep the fires burning on the sacred altars. There is no other influence in the world so deep-penetrating, so far-reaching, so all-pervasive as woman's "still small voice" in these various functions to which God and nature have assigned her! There is not a man that casts a vote, that makes a public speech, that goes to the Legislature or to Congress or who fills any public office of high or low degree whose character has not been formed, whose energies have not been aroused, whose views have not been suggested and shaped, whose abilities have not been developed in large measure by the power of woman's "still small voice" in these various fields of her activity. Oh, what a perverted idea it is that women have a right to desert these glorious fields, to abandon these high and holy duties to which God and nature have assigned

her to rush into politics and public life, to intrude where she is not wanted or needed, to stick herself unwelcomed into crowds of men, to meddle with men's affairs, to be a voter, a speech-maker, an office-seeker, a demagogue, a lobbyist, to vulgarize herself, to make herself cheap and common by public parade and newspaper notoriety! But that is precisely what the so-called "new woman" asserts that women have a right to do and ought to do. That perverted idea, that disease—for it is a disease, just as much as smallpox is a disease—hasn't made its appearance in Georgia yet, except in a few sporadic cases, and I don't believe it ever can spread in Georgia, because I believe Georgia women are born immunes to it. But if that perverted "woman's rights" doctrine ever should take strong hold and become thoroughly established here in the South (which God forbid!), it will not be a sign of progress and improvement, nay, it will be a sure indication that Southern manhood has become weak and degenerate and that across the fair frontlets of Southern womanhood has been written the sentence, "Thy glory is departed!"

I don't believe there is any other country in the world in which women are so respected, so beloved, so revered, so deferred to in all right ways as in this Southland of ours. Every Southern man—that can rightly be called a man—carries in his heart of hearts, carries in the innermost sanctuary of his soul a pure and beautiful ideal of womanhood, and to him that ideal is the very holiest of holies. That is why Southern men—above all other men—feel such an abhorrence for that female pervert, the "new woman"—because by her sentiments, by her attitude, by her speaky, screechy voice she does violence to that beautiful ideal that dwells in the innermost sanctuaries

of his soul. I don't believe there is any other country in the world in which women can exercise such a mighty influence for good as in this Southland of ours. But they must go about it in the right way, in the womanly way, in the Southern way. Her power must come not in the mighty and great wind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in the "still small voice!" Whenever she strains that beautiful voice beyond its natural compass it loses its charm, it loses its persuasive and inspiring power; it becomes repellent to the ear and ungrateful to the soul, like "sweet bells, all jangled, harsh and out of tune."

I don't believe that any other country in the world has so noble, so worshipful a womanhood as that which blesses and glorifies this Southland of ours! It always has been so. It was so long before our Civil War. In those ante-bellum days in Washington City during the gay season, when the grandest and finest ladies in the land, the wives and daughters of Congressmen and high government officials, were gathered there from all parts and sections of the Union, distinguished and discerning foreigners, who were visiting or sojourning in the city and who had the *entree* to the best society, were invariably impressed, deeply impressed by the superior beauty, the superior charm, the superior grace of manner and graciousness of soul of the Southern women, and they were particularly struck and captivated by their beautiful, musical voices, like chimes of silver bells softly ringing! In those ante-bellum days no cultured stranger from other sections or from foreign lands ever visited the South and mingled with the best of Southern people who was not charmed and captivated by the peerless women who adorned Southern society and graced and glorified Southern homes. During our terrible Civil War, in those try-

ing times when the loftiest passions of the human heart were aroused and the human soul was called upon to exhibit a sublime heroism rarely paralleled in the history of the race, in those days of the crucial test, more admirable and illustrious than even the bravery of the Southern soldiers was the matchless spirit of the Southern women; not since the Spartan mother said to her son, "With thy shield or on it!" or since the Carthaginian woman strung her warrior's bow with hair cut from her own head has there been witnessed in the world such devotion to a people's cause as that which the womanhood of the South gave to our struggling Confederacy. And in those dreadful, shameful reconstruction days when the iron heel of the conqueror was on the Southern white man's neck, when the United States government was doing its utmost to perpetrate upon the people of the South the greatest crime ever attempted against the civilization of the world, in those dark days of wrong and ruin, when Southern character was being tried in a fiery furnace, it was a notable fact, much commented on at the time and that should never be forgotten, that the Southern women bore up under the strain much better than the men did; and she had more to bear, for in thousands of homes from luxury and abounding wealth she was brought down suddenly to abject poverty and menial toil; but her heroism never faltered, and in that gloomy period her "still small voice" called many a despairing Elijah from his cave and spoke to him inspiring words that revived his spirits and rekindled his courage. And during all these latter years of poverty and financial depression in the South, what a noble, cheerful wage-earner and bread-winner she has been, dignifying labor as it was never dignified before!

But for Southern women, the future, the imme-

diate future—the future, young ladies, that you are about to enter—holds out greater opportunities for good and glorious achievement than they ever had in the past. The people of the South, the people of Georgia especially, realize more thoroughly now than ever before the importance of giving to women a liberal and a wise education. This is evidenced by the fact of the establishment and maintenance of this school by the State. It is evidenced by the overwhelming patronage given to this college and nearly all other female colleges in the State. It is evidenced by the fact that if a man can not liberally educate both his sons and his daughters, almost invariably the daughters get the education; that is as it should be, for, if possible, it is even more important for a State to have a liberally educated womanhood than to have a liberally educated manhood. A liberally and wisely educated womanhood in the home, the school-room, in society, in the church, means a vast deal for the future good and glory of Georgia; for these institutions are the original sources, the very fountain-heads from which flow all that is good and beautiful and noble in a people's life, and these institutions get their tone and character, their vitality and inspiration chiefly from woman's "still small voice!"

Young ladies, I suppose you have all read Shakespeare's great tragedy, *King Lear*, and of course you remember Cordelia, the heroine of the play. Well, did you ever think what Cordelia stands for in womanhood? We do not know that she was beautiful. We do not know that she possessed any of those winning but superficial graces of mind, or of person, or of disposition, or of manner, that are supposed to constitute a woman's chief attraction for men. She may have possessed all of those attributes in abun-

dance, but if so Shakespeare gives us not the least hint or suggestion of it. So Cordelia doesn't stand for the "charming woman," as that expression is commonly used, though charming she may have been. But I will tell you what she does stand for; she stands as the embodiment of those qualities in womanhood that call forth from men the only kind of love and adoration that is worth a woman's having! Doubtless you remember how every man in that play that was truly a man loved and adored Cordelia; and perhaps you remember what a distinctly noble kind of love and adoration it was that she drew from those around her. You remember how deeply and tenderly her passionate, headstrong old father doted on her; and you remember how all the disaster, wreck and ruin so powerfully depicted in that great tragedy was brought about because that obstinate father would not heed the warning of Cordelia's "still small voice," as many another disaster, wreck and ruin has been caused because obstinate, headstrong men have refused to heed woman's "still small voice!" And you remember the noble Earl of Kent's chivalric devotion to Cordelia; you remember how at the imminent risk of his own life and to the certain destruction of his own fortunes he uttered that brave, indignant protest in her defense and would not be silenced though a drawn sword was at his breast! You remember how pathetically even that poor servant, the Fool in the play, loved and worshiped Cordelia! You remember how joyfully the young King of France took the dowerless, outcast Cordelia to his bosom and made her queen of himself and of all that he possessed! You remember how easily Cordelia, by the magic of her "still small voice," induced her royal husband to lead his mighty armies from France into England to

the rescue of her old father, who had so deeply wronged her. And surely if you have ever read it you can never forget that touching scene when the father and daughter meet after their tragic separation; and when shortly afterwards disaster came upon them, you remember that plaintive speech of poor old Lear's as they were on their way to prison together, the tenderest words that ever came from a father's lips, the most beautiful tribute ever paid to the power of a woman's love! And you remember the closing scene of that awful tragedy, when King Lear, with a breaking heart, bending over the dead body of his daughter, calls to her, cries to her:

"O, Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

And then, thinking that he hears her speak:

"Ha! what is't thou sayest?"

Sh! Her voice was ever soft, gentle

And low, an excellent thing in woman!"

From the bottom of my heart I echo that cry of King Lear's: O Cordelia, Cordelia, grand type of womanhood, stay—not a little, but stay forever to bless and glorify my native State of Georgia! With thy strong, noble, beautiful character, before which every knee bows and to which all souls respond! with thy golden heart that "reverbs no hollowness," with thy brave spirit that defies adversity, with thy sweet voice, "ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," O Cordelia, stay forever!

Let not any new woman with her speaky, screechy voice ever displace thee in the grand old State of Georgia!

And now, young ladies, in conclusion, let me say

that no college president ever felt for the pupils under his charge a greater, tenderer love than that which goes out from my heart for each and every one of you. No college president ever bade farewell to a graduating class with a more earnest hope, with a firmer faith than I feel that each and every one of you will be good and true and noble to the glory of the grand old State of Georgia and to the honor of your Alma Mater. Whatever way Almighty God wills that you shall tread in your journey across this world, from eternity onward towards eternity, whether it be short or whether it be long, through whatever regions, through whatever experiences it may pass, be assured that along that way in many a cave Elijahs are waiting for you, waiting for the inspiring power of your "still small voice" to help to make them good and strong and brave and noble!

"Sweet Influences of the Pleiades."

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:
During the latter days of April and the first days of the month of May every evening just at dusk, if you had looked over in the west, low down in the skies in the golden after-glow of the setting sun, you might have seen two constellations, or groups of stars; you might have seen them as side by side they sank softly below the horizon with the closing day. Famous beyond all other star-groups in the heavens are those two constellations. From of old myth and fable, story and tradition have rendered them dear to the human heart; from of old earth's greatest poets have glorified them in their noblest songs. Four thousand years ago one of the greatest poets that ever lived, in one of the sublimest rhapsodies that ever burst from the human soul, said of those two constellations, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades! Canst thou loosen the bands of Orion!"

Orion and the Pleiades, Orion and the Seven Stars, as they are more commonly called—who with upturned eyes and loving heart hath not watched them as from east to west in their annual and diurnal journey they moved majestically across the heavens, the observed of all star-gazing observers! Orion and the Pleiades, Orion and the Seven Stars, with what beautiful fables did the old Eastern astronomers personify these two constellations: representing Orion as a mighty and princely warrior with a helmet on his head, a sword by his side, a lion's skin

over his shoulder, and in his strong right hand a club drawn back to strike the dreadful beast that was charging down upon him—the whole story told in an outline of most brilliant shining stars; and representing the Pleiades as a group of sisters, a group of beautiful sisters, each with her own soft musical name, all bound together in ties of affection and journeying forevermore through the heavens on a mission of love, on a mission of tender, self-abnegating love, and singing meantime songs of joy and songs of sadness, “sweet influences of the Pleiades!”

It is wonderful, the attractive power of that little cluster of stars that we call the Pleiades or seven stars! So modest, so soft-shining up there in the heavens, “like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid!” Most inconspicuous, least brilliant, and yet most observed, most noticed, best known, best beloved of all star-groups in the heavens are the modest, soft-shining Pleiades! Take a little child forth on a clear, starlit night, and the first group that he will notice will be the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, or, once point them out to him and they will be ever afterwards impressed on his memory and dear to his heart. There is scarcely a man or woman, scarcely a boy or girl, who does not know the Pleiades, or seven stars. All the world knows and loves the modest soft-shining Pleiades! Ages ago, before the mariner’s compass was invented, that little cluster of stars was the rude sailor’s principal guide over unknown waters and through the trackless seas. There is not a savage in the wildwoods, there is not a negro on a Southern plantation who does not know and love the Seven Stars, and who does not use them as his timepiece in the night and as his guide through tangled swamps and trackless forests. Your astronomy teaches you, as you doubtless remember, young

ladies, that the sun in his annual journey through the circle of the zodiac reaches that little star-cluster or, as astronomers express it, is projected into that little star-cluster of the Pleiades about the middle of the month of May, the season par excellence of flowers and of the earth's greatest beauty, and in olden times people believed that it was "the sweet influences of the Pleiades" that gave to the sun at this time his genial power and through him to our earth her gorgeous robes of glorious flowers and her aromatic breath; and even at this day astronomers believe that Alcyone, the principal one of the Pleiades, is the center of the whole stellar universe, and that around that little modest-shining cluster all the stars of God with all their trains of attendant planets do circle forevermore to the sublime, eternal music of the spheres!

How aptly then did that grand old poet of the Bible use the happy phrase "sweet influences of the Pleiades." And, my dear young friends, I wish to call your attention this morning to the deep moral significance of that little sentence. I wish to show you this morning that "the sweet influences of the Pleiades" is a metaphor of human experience, an allegory of human life. I wish in this my last talk to you to impress upon your young minds and hearts the great perennial truth that the most powerful, the deepest penetrating, the farthest-reaching influences in this world, the influences that most affect human character, human conduct, human happiness, human life, come from quiet, unobtrusive sources, come from modest, inconspicuous people. I wish as my last word to you to say from the deepest conviction of my soul that woman, tender, modest, inconspicuous woman, carries in the folds of her mantle the destinies of the nations!

Young ladies, I do not wish to talk to you this morning as school-teachers, or as stenographers or dressmakers or bookkeepers, nor in any way as prospective wage-earners or bread-winners. Not that I disparage those honorable occupations, not that I fail to exalt as they should be exalted the glorious women who by their own precious labor make their own livelihood—God forbid! But still I do not wish to talk to you from that standpoint this morning. I wish to speak this morning straight to the essential womanhood that lies back of all that and deeper than all that. Neither do I wish to talk to you as new women, nor as progressive women; because as to the new woman I think she is a rank fraud and humbug, and I hope you will never become such, and as to the progressive woman, why of course I believe very strongly and earnestly in the progressive woman, and I hope you will become such. Still I do not wish to talk about the progressive woman this morning, because in this intensely self-conceited age there is so much talk and boasting about progress that it makes me tired, and I do wish sometimes that this glorious nineteenth century, or twentieth as it is now, would go ahead progressing without so much everlasting bragging about it. I don't think it is in good taste for any century, however great, to be forever talking about itself and bragging on itself.

And, young ladies, speaking of progress, let me right here give you a thought which I hope you will take and which I hope you will carry away with you. It is this: In this world of ours there is somewhat that is progressive and there is somewhat that is not progressive, and the somewhat that is not progressive is more important than the somewhat that is progressive. Human civilization is progressive, but there is no progress of the human species. Hun-

hundreds of years ago there were in this world of ours no railroads nor telegraphs nor telephones nor steam-engines nor cotton-mills nor ice-factories nor sewing-machines nor typewriting-machines; hundreds of years ago little or nothing was known about natural science and the countless comforts and blessings that knowledge of natural science has brought to us; hundreds of years ago it had not been discovered that man came from frog-spawn through a monkey, and that the human soul is nothing but lumps of grey matter in the brain; hundreds of years ago there were no newspapers or kindergartens or normal schools or industrial schools; these and such like things belong to the somewhat that is progressive! But, oh, my dear young friends, hundreds of years ago there were in this world of ours kind hearts, noble minds and lofty souls! Hundreds, nay thousands of years ago, as far back as history goes, there lived upon this earth of ours men and women who in all the essential qualities, attributes, and virtues of manhood and of womanhood were as true, as great, as noble and as lofty as any who breathe the breath of life in this glorious twentieth century. There has been a mighty progress of human civilization. Let us thank the Almighty for it, and may God speed its still further progress, but there has been no progress of the human species. If we would preserve in perfect purity and integrity what is most worthy, what is best, truest and highest in man's nature we should take our models from the past just as our modern sculptors study the clear-cut, matchless statues of the ancient Greeks. If I were called upon to point out the finest conceptions of noble womanhood that have ever been bodied forth in the literature of the world I should not take them from any recent or very modern book; I should take them

from certain old books; I should select them from what I believe to be, taking all things into consideration, the three greatest books that have ever been written. I should take them from Homer, from the Bible, and from Shakespeare.

Let us for a moment consider the women of Homer. Three thousand years ago that wonderful book which we call Homer was produced. The truly great and noble men and women who compose the principal characters of that wonderful book were not amenable to those progressive and constantly improving social regulations and social conditions that make the conventional law and the conventional life of our day, and therefore they are not to be judged by the conventional standards of the present time, but in all the fundamental and essential qualities, powers and virtues of true manhood and womanhood those Homeric people never have been surpassed and never will be surpassed. Bloodthirsty as roaring lions, ferocious as Bengal tigers, those Homeric men gloried in that dreadful war in which they were engaged, but it was not an unjust war. It was waged for the honor of a woman and to avenge an outrage perpetrated upon the sanctity of a home; and it was fought between equals, Greek and Trojan, each finding in the other a foeman worthy of his steel! It was not waged by a powerful nation against a people a hundred times weaker than themselves in sheer bullying and imposition like two wars now being waged on this earth of ours in this glorious twentieth century by two of the foremost and most enlightened nations in the world! Then where is your progress of the species?

But even more admirable than the men, are the women of Homer. They exhibit a fine self-respect and a commanding dignity of character which I am sorry

to say, not many women even in our day seem to possess, and from those ferocious warriors by whom they were surrounded they drew the highest regard, the tenderest affection and the profoundest deference, the wives invariably sharing not only the heart but the thought of their husbands, for it never seemed to occur to Homer that in sense and judgment woman is "the weaker vessel." In true manliness, in delicacy and refinement, the attitude of the Homeric men towards the Homeric women has never been surpassed by anything in modern chivalry. And surely no women who ever lived were more worthy of chivalric devotion than those superb Homeric women! In the literature of the world there is no conception of a maiden more perfect in grace, tenderness, than the charming Nausicaa! Imagination never bodied forth a finer illustration of the queenly matron than Penelope! But best of all is Andromache, that matchless model of "perfect wifelyhood and true womanhood." In no novel or romance or poem or drama that I have ever read is there a scene more touchingly true than the parting between Andromache and Hector when he starts for the wars, closing with the incident where he takes the babe into his strong arms and after caressing it, returns it to the mother:

"So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with tender love, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand, and said"—

So throughout all the blood and thunder of that sublime tragedy the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" are deeply felt, above the clash of arms and

the trumpets' dreadful blare their songs of joy and songs of sadness are clearly heard, and their tender, self-abnegating love give to the splendid epic a beauty not so conspicuous, but just as glorious as the stars that blaze forth in its great Orion constellation! Such, whether in times of war or in times of peace, whether in ancient times or modern times—such must ever be the right relations between man's mission and woman's mission in this world of ours. You can not "bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades" nor "loosen the bands of Orion!"

But older than Homer and more wonderful than Homer is that book of books, the Bible, the Hebrew Bible, our Bible! Entirely aside from its sacredness, leaving altogether out of consideration for our present purpose its religious character and regarding it from a strictly worldly standpoint and judging it precisely as you would judge any other book, solely for its literary value, even from this point of view the Bible is still one of the greatest books that has ever been written. The poets of the Bible, such as David, Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah, possessed an elevation of thought and a depth of feeling and a grandeur of utterance that never has been surpassed, and that no writer of our time, that no writer or speaker in this glorious twentieth century, can even remotely approach. But more significant for our present purpose than these sublime rhapsodies are the histories and the narratives of the Bible, or as we commonly call them, the stories of the Bible. Oh, the beauty and grandeur, oh, the height and depth and the surpassing tenderness of those old Bible stories! How truly and vividly do they present to us the everlasting and unchanging verities of human nature and human life! Side by side with monsters of wickedness and depravity they show us in clear-cut outline

men and women who in native dignity and nobility of character and in all the finer sensibilities of man's nature may stand as models for mankind as long as the human race endures. For these thousands of years man has not added one cubit to his moral stature nor a single musical note to the rhythmic beating of his heart. There has been a mighty progress of human civilization, but there has been no progress of the human species! In those old Bible stories you may find women at whose feet the finest and most progressive and most cultured lady of this glorious twentieth century may sit and learn lessons in true and heroic womanhood. Some of them are really great women, of commanding dignity of character, occupying high positions, and exercising a powerful public influence, but we will pass these great ones by and we will take for our example a woman who was one of the lowliest of her sex, a working-woman, a wage-earner, a bread-winner in the humblest of occupations—Ruth the Moabitess, who gleaned behind the reapers in the fields of young Boaz four thousand years ago! Far and away the most beautiful idyl ever written in human language is that old Bible story of Ruth. How melodious it is with the sad, sweet music of humanity! How eloquent it is with noble and impassioned speech! How full it is of the milk of human kindness! The distant background of calamity and suffering against which the whole story is projected; the beautiful devotion of Ruth and Naomi for each other; their pathetic journey from the land of Moab to Bethlehem—Judah; the astonished greeting they received from the people there; the touching eloquence of Naomi's reply to that greeting; the warm-hearted salutation that passed between the rich young Boaz and the laborers in his wheat-fields, genial as the summer skies above

them, sweet as the breath of the new-mown fields around them; his treatment of that poor friendless young woman who gleaned behind the reapers, in delicacy, in tenderness, in fine-grained manliness absolutely matchless in all your tales of modern chivalry; the courtship, the marriage, the birth of the babe, and the closing scene where with "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," old Naomi holds out her arms and "took the child and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it"—make altogether the most wholesomely touching story of genuine human kind-heartedness that I have ever read. And the central figure, the heroine, the inspirer of this exquisite drama of real life was a simple peasant woman toiling in the fields with a simple peasant people four thousand years ago! Then where is your progress of the species? Even to this day the greatest orators of earth, when they wish to give forceful and eloquent expression to one of the noblest sentiments that can animate the human heart, go back four thousand years and take the glowing words from the lips of that simple peasant woman: "Intreat me not to leave thee or to cease from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Oh, noble Ruth! Oh, loyal-hearted Ruth, stand forever as a model of true womanhood for all the women of all the ages of the world—"sweet influences of the Pleiades!"

Now let us come to Shakespeare. By the unanimous agreement of the whole reading and thinking world the very greatest book that has ever been evolved from the human brain is that book which we

call Shakespeare. All women should love Shakespeare, because beyond, far beyond, all other writers he has glorified woman. Not by flattery nor exaggeration nor idealization nor the glamor of romance, but by revealing with perfect truthfulness her ineffable charms and graces of manner, thought, and speech, her goodness, her sweetness, her heroism, her boundless capacity for tender, self-abnegating love. The feminine, the true and essential feminine, the eternal feminine appears at its very best in Shakespeare's heroines. Take his Juliet, for instance; Juliet, that queen rose of Shakespeare's rosebud garden of girls! Romeo's Juliet, but beloved not only of Romeo but by all the other people, men and women, in that wonderful play, and by all who have ever read the sad, sweet tragedy of her life! She is the youngest of all of Shakespeare's heroines, and perhaps the most beautiful. We know that she was beautiful because Romeo tells us

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!"

and with becoming rapture he raves about the glory of her starlit eyes and

"The white wonder of my Juliet's hand!"

and even when he beholds her lying in the tomb wrapped in her burial robes, he exclaims:

"O my love, my wife!
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath
Hath had no power to mar thy beauty;
Thou art not conquered; Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheek
And death's pale flag is not advanced there!"

And not only Romeo, but many other more impartial witnesses bear testimony to her surpassing beauty; I could quote a dozen different passages from almost as many different persons in the play to this effect. Yet it is not for her beauty that we love Juliet, but for her warm heart, her tender sympathy, her perfect sincerity, her unsophisticated frankness, her self-possession through all the tempest and whirlwind that wrought her young soul, her womanly heroism in all the tragic situations of her life, and over all and above all for her own boundless capacity for love as expressed by her own lips in that noble passage:

“My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give you
The more I have—for both are infinite!”

Portia, Miranda, Rosalind, Helena, Isabella, Perdita, Constance, Queen Catherine, Hermione, Imogen, Desdemona, Cordelia, are Shakespeare's other great heroines. Not one of them is a conventional tragedy queen, but every one of them has a far deeper meaning than any tragedy queen that ever shrieked upon the mimic stage.

As individuals they differ totally from one another, but each one of them is, in her way, the living embodiment of true and noble womanhood. All together they illustrate the whole wide range of admirable and lovable womanly qualities and virtues. We have among them the gentle and submissive woman, the high-spirited and self-assertive woman; the timid, shrinking woman; the courageous, daring woman; the light and playful woman; the intellectual and serious woman; the crushed woman; the defiant woman—but still, in every instance, the

womanly woman, the true woman—modest, pure, warm-hearted, sympathetic, heroic, and with a boundless capacity for tender, self-abnegating love!

Young ladies, these qualities, attributes and virtues so splendidly illustrated in the women of Homer, the women of the Bible, and the women of Shakespeare, are the qualities, attributes and virtues which must forevermore constitute the strength and glory of womanhood. The new woman can add nothing to them, the emancipated woman can not free herself from their obligations, the progressive woman can not go beyond them. My dear young friends, the Almighty has endowed each and every one of you with a rich abundance of these qualities, attributes and virtues. Oh, cherish them as you would the apple of your eye! Strive to develop them to the utmost limit of their highest possibilities! Through thoughtfulness and through prayer seek to exercise them for the betterment of mankind and to the glory of the ever-living God! High and sacred is the mission whereunto you are called. The world looks for you to be the inspirers of noble deeds, the preservers of lofty sentiment, the guardians of all the sanctities of human life.

The profoundest and most stirring eloquence ever heard in this world are your songs of joy and songs of sadness. Upon your ministrations of tender, self-abnegating love the salvation of the human race depends.

Around the holy of holies over which you preside all mortal interests with all their trains of attendant joys do circle forevermore to the deep warm throbbings of the human heart! It is not for you to blaze forth in that great Orion constellation, but if you are faithless to your mission of the Pleiades, Orion's stars will lose their luster, his sword will rust in its

sheath, from his manly shoulders the mantle of lion's skin will fall and a calf-skin take its place; from his nerveless hand the club will drop and that ramping beast will have his way with the civilization of the glorious twentieth century!

In parting with you this morning I wish for you precisely what I shall wish for my own precious little daughters when they come to where you now are,

“Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet!”

I do not expect or wish that you shall seek or gain any of that glaring public notoriety which the vulgar world calls fame; but I do wish, I do expect, and I do believe that wherever your lot may be cast, there will be just the most precious thing, just the greatest blessing that the Almighty ever gives this world—a good, true, warm-hearted, modest woman, exercising with thoughtful intelligence those qualities, attributes and virtues which from old have constituted the glory of womanhood and which forevermore must be “the sweet influences of the Pleiades!”

“Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great.”

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:
Several months ago I read in some magazine an article which contained a list of the most distinguished alumni of certain leading male colleges in America—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Virginia, and others—each institution setting forth with boastful pride those of its graduates that had attained to great distinction in the political and professional life of the country; each claiming so many governors of States, so many United States senators, so many Supreme Court judges, so many renowned lawyers, brilliant preachers, celebrated statesmen, and so on. Well, for a male college such pride, such boastfulness, such ambition is very natural; for from the very nature and organization of human society much of the work that men are called upon to do, and for which, as a rule, only men are fitted to do, when splendidly done necessarily brings the doer into great public notice and incidentally gets for him what the world calls fame. But to a woman's college such pride, such boastfulness, such ambition does not appertain, for from the very nature and organization of human society woman's work, however splendidly done, does not bring her into public notice, does not get for her what the world calls fame; but woman's work is none the less important, none the less appreciated, none the less glorious for all that, and to fit her for her work requires an education none the less thorough and painstaking, none the less high and fine, nay rather the

higher and finer! In the centennial catalogue of the University of Georgia, issued a year or two ago, there was published a list of all the graduates of that great institution during the entire hundred years of its existence, and among them were many whose names had filled the trump of fame and who by their deeds and achievements had rendered Georgia illustrious. My dear young friends, it is not to be expected that your names, your precious names, will fill the trump of fame, but it is to be expected that each and every one of you will by your deeds and achievements help to render Georgia illustrious!

There are two things that are very commonly said about women that I detest, because I believe them both to be utterly untrue. One is that woman is "the weaker vessel," and the other is that woman is "the lesser man." Except in a physical sense woman is not the weaker vessel, and in no sense whatever is she the lesser man. She is neither the lesser man nor the equal man, nor, as some women seem to think these days, the superior man. She is not man at all, but woman! Every nerve in her body is finer spun than man's, every instinct of her nature is purer than man's, every impulse of her heart is more unselfish than man's, every aspiration of her spirit is nobler than man's. Altogether she is a more finely organized, a more exquisite, a more precious creature than man, and to this superior and peculiar fineness she owes and must ever owe her power in this world.

From one of the psalms of David that I read to you at our opening morning exercises a few weeks ago there leaped forth this beautiful and significant sentence: "Thy gentleness hath made me great!" How suggestive of woman's power, of her power over individuals, her power over communities, her power over nations, her power over the world's civi-

lization is that little sentence, "Thy gentleness hath made me great!"

Oh, how mighty is the power of gentleness! The mightiest and most powerful man that ever breathed the breath of life in this world owed his might and his power to his gentleness. Manliest of men was he! Bravery, daring, boldness, aggressiveness, strength of will, force of character, sternness when needs be, severity when necessary, all were his in eminent and preeminent degree, and in the course of his stormy and deeply tragic life he had need to exercise all these sterner virtues, but they only served as a background to emphasize and reenforce his gentleness. With perfect will he turned his back upon the supreme temptation, with perfect bravery he drove the money-changers from the temple of the living God, with perfect daring he faced furious mobs, with perfect boldness he lashed with a tongue of flame men in high positions, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; but these acts and such like acts were only incidental to his real mission of gentle words and gentle deeds! The very flower and fruitage of his life was gentleness! by the power of his gentleness he drew to him, as he journeyed across this world, the deepest love and adoration of all sorts of people, from the scarlet woman that broke the alabaster box of ointment at his feet to the rich man of Arimathea, who begged for his dead body to lay it in his own new tomb hewn from the solid rock. Perennial is the influence of his gentleness. His gentle words have more stirred the great depths of the human heart than the songs of all the poets, have more edified and inspired the human soul than all other uttered speech. His gentle deeds have more blessed mankind than the achievements of all other reformers and heroes, and to-day all the great peo-

ples of the world turn to that Man of Galilee with the glad acknowledgment, "Thy gentleness hath made me great!" Now mark you the quality of that gentleness. It was not the weak, flabby, namby-pamby kind of gentleness. It came from a nature forceful as well as kind, from a heart courageous as well as tender, from a spirit brave as well as beautiful. It came from an insight deeper than your psychology penetrates, from a thoughtfulness finer than philosophy teaches, from a culture higher than schools and colleges give!

Young ladies, such gentleness is always a mighty power, nay may we not say the very mightiest power for good in the world! In its best and fullest development such gentleness implies the kindly nature, the loving heart, the thoughtful mind, the forceful character, the educated intellect, the trained hand. Such gentleness is emphatically, distinctly, and specially woman's power. It is the power by which she makes happy homes; it is the power by which she refines, elevates, adorns and charms society; it is the power by which she creates all of the dearest, purest and noblest joys of this human life of ours! Well then may the world turn to her and say, "Thy gentleness hath made me great!" "Hath made me great" because such gentleness more than any other power on this earth enkindles, inspires, brings out what is best and noblest, what is truly greatest in man's nature.

Deep, deep in every true woman's heart the Almighty has planted the gentle instinct, and with it has given her the noble desire, the most earnest desire of her nature, to use her power of gentleness to fill the world, each her own individual world, with sweetness and beauty, with happiness and joy and love. To cultivate that instinct, to cherish and grat-

ify that desire, to develop to the utmost that power should be the paramount aim and purpose, pervading and transcending all other aims and purposes, of a woman's education, of her education while she is yet in the schoolroom and her education through her own earnest thoughtfulness, after she has received her college diploma and has left the schoolroom.

It is a sad thing to me to observe how many women are neglectful of this mighty power, how many women undervalue this power. I would wish that every young woman, and especially every young Georgia woman, would get by heart, not merely commit to memory, but get by heart, those lovely lines of one of the older English poets :

“Ah, wasteful woman she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing that man can not choose but pay,
How hath she cheapened Paradise,
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine
Which spent with due respective thrift
Had made brutes men and men divine!”

Young ladies, if after you have graduated from this college you strive not after still further and higher and yet higher graduation in the crucial school of experience and in the noble school of your own earnest thoughtfulness, you will have missed the chief benefit that this college and all other schools that you have attended meant to confer upon you—you have “spoiled the bread and spilled the wine.” If as soon as you enter society you allow the fine enthusiasms that have been enkindled in your young souls to be extinguished by the world's frivolities and trivialities, if as soon as you come in contact

with the harsh, discouraging, belittling actualities of real life you abandon your lofty faith and allow your beautiful ideals to fade away from the horizon of your being as the crimson blush fades from the morning sky, then you will have thrown away the most precious gift with which the Almighty has endowed you—you have “spoiled the bread and spilled the wine.” If as you journey across this world, “from eternity onward towards eternity,” you grow not more and more in charm of manner, in refinement of thought, in beauty of speech, in decision of character, in earnestness and singleness of purpose, in depth of feeling, in breadth and magnanimity of mind, in warmth and sympathy of heart, so that wherever you may be placed, by whatever circumstances and environment encompassed, there shall exhale from your very presence an atmosphere of womanly gentleness that no mortal being can enter without feeling its sweet, ennobling, inspiring influence, if you attain not to this, then you have failed to develop what is best in you, you will have failed to realize the greatest possibilities of your nature—you have “spoiled the bread and spilled the wine.” If when you shall come to that exalted throne that I trust awaits each one of you, when on your fair brow shall rest the glorious crown of womanhood, when at your feet shall kneel the loyal-hearted courtier lovingly obedient, joyfully acknowledging your divine right to rule, and around your knees shall gather as adoring subjects with lovelit eyes, children fresh from the hands of God, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, if in that realm of home you reign not so that every stranger and wayfarer that enters its domain shall pronounce it good and beautiful, that to every visitor and honored guest its hospitality shall be a golden benediction, that the

loyal-hearted courtier and every adoring subject with lovelit eyes shall feel that just the dearest thing on earth is a woman's gentleness, and shall realize that in the whole universe just the most powerful influence for good, for time and for eternity, is a woman's gentleness, if when your queendom comes you reign not so, then you will have neglected the most precious opportunity ever vouchsafed to human being in this world—you have "spoiled the bread and spilled the wine."

Young ladies, quite a number of years ago I heard a very distinguished man, a man of national fame, a man of great intellect and the highest culture, of wide observation and the finest insight say (I quote his own language as well as I can remember it after this lapse of years), said he: "I have traveled over well-nigh the whole civilized world and I have mingled with what is termed the best society in nearly all the foremost nations of the earth, and I have observed with special care and interest the women of different countries and different climes, and all prejudice and partiality aside, I assert without doubt or reservation that the finest creature in form of womankind that the Almighty has yet placed on this planet is our own Southern gentlewoman,

"Heart on her lip and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies!"

He spoke with the utmost sincerity and I believe he spoke the absolute truth; and I believe he might have gone a step further and said, and the finest specimens of this finest creature may be found right here in the grand old commonwealth of Georgia! I am glad that instead of the conventional word "lady" he used that nobler word "gentlewoman"—

a word yet uncorrupted by fashion and undegraded by vulgar usage. My young friends, whatever your work in life may be, your special work or your general work, we expect of course that you will do it well. We expect you to be, according as your fate may determine, a good stenographer, a good book-keeper, a good dressmaker, a good school-teacher, a good business woman, a good housekeeper, or what not, but over all, through all, and above all, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, in the completest, noblest, highest sense of the expression, we wish you to be a Georgia gentlewoman! So then the commonwealth may indeed turn to you and say, "Thy gentleness hath made me great!" No State or people or nation can be truly great except through a gentle womanhood.

My dear young friends, it is God's will that man with his creative intellect shall discover nature's laws and fill the world with his masterful inventions and works of art; with his aggressive will shall govern the nations; with his strong and valiant arm shall "subdue the earth and have dominion over it." It is God's will that woman, with her fine, discerning mind shall decide what is the true, the beautiful and the good, and shall say what shall prevail and what shall not prevail; with her pure and gentle spirit shall guide the human race in paths of righteousness, peace and love; with her exquisite taste and deft fingers shall dress the garden of the earth and keep it and make it a fit and happy habitation for mankind. Who then will say that woman's place in the universe is of less dignity and nobility than man's? True, it is of less publicity, and it is well that it should be so. Even man with his thick skin and tough texture is often spoiled and demoralized by publicity; to woman with her finer moral fiber and

more sensitive spirit it can not but be harmful and disastrous. So, my dear young friends, don't believe the wild and foolish words that are being too much spoken on this subject these days. Don't believe that here in your own State your sex is undervalued, mistreated, downtrodden, simply because Georgia men don't want to see Georgia women hankering and seeking after that miserable public notoriety that the vulgar world calls fame and doing all sorts of other mannish things. Be assured that the men that love you most deeply and tenderly, that appreciate you most highly and finely are the very men that don't want to see you do these things.

My dear young friends, Georgia to-day stands in need of your power. Georgia is waiting with eager expectation to welcome you to the fountain-heads of her civilization with your purifying and beautifying power—not any new-born public power, but an old power, a power as old as the universe, as old as the human heart, as old as manhood and womanhood, a power as old and mighty in its gentleness as the genial sunshine and grateful showers of these sweet spring days that have brought the sap up from the roots of flowers to fill the world with bloom and beauty and fragrance. Your advantage is that this innate power of yours has been educated and trained for its work in this State school; so the State has a right to expect great things of you. Your Alma Mater believes that you will not disappoint the State.

With her warmest love, with her most earnest prayers and blessings, and with exulting pride, your Alma Mater sends you forth to the heart of Georgia's civilization, believing that you will use your power for the honor and the glory of the commonwealth, so that in the coming years her inhabitants, her sons and her daughters from the mountains to

the sea, will rise and say, "Thy gentleness hath made me great"; so that in whatever community, in whatever social organization, in whatever household, in whatever home your life may fall or your work be wrought, all the people thereof will rise and say, "Thy gentleness hath made me great"; so that when you shall have finished your mysterious journey across this world and shall have passed over to the great beyond, your influence will live after you through the years and through the ages and generations yet unborn will say, "Thy gentleness hath made me great!"

“Hæc Meminisse Olim Juvabit!”

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:
In the first book of that superb poem, “Virgil’s Æneid,” you doubtless remember the striking scene where Æneas at the close of an eventful chapter in his life and in that of his Trojan companions, gathers those companions about him and makes to them a noble and inspiring speech, closing his eloquent address with these words: “*O socii, hæc nobis meminisse olim juvabit!*” — “O comrades, it will be pleasing to us to remember these things hereafter!”

That utterance of the Trojan hero suggests a truth that dwells in the deepest depths of the human spirit, and it seems to me it is a truth that should be specially applicable to you this morning. For this morning you close a chapter in your life; a chapter which by reason of its characteristic events and experiences, by reason of its own atmosphere and environment, by reason of its special loves and affections, must forever stand out in clear-cut, bold relief from all the other chapters in your existence. It is the chapter that tells the story of your college life.

That life, with its lights and shadows, its joys and sorrows, its bitter and sweet, is now ended. It is a tale that is told, a sentence that has been written and can be changed nevermore!

Your work as students of this college is finished, and, for better or for worse, must stand as it is before man and God for time and for eternity. My

dear young friends, as you this morning look back on that chapter in your life's story now ended, I earnestly trust that the warm young heart of each one of you echoes the sentiment of the Trojan hero, "*O socii, haec nobis meminisse olim juvabit!*"—"O classmates, it will be pleasing to us to remember these things hereafter!"

I once knew an old man who was educated at a country school over here in Hancock county, Georgia, in the early part of the nineteenth century; and it was delightful to hear him talk about his early school-days, so full of recollections that were very dear to him, so full of simple, sweet, noble memories that he had gathered into his heart in the days of his youth to be brought forth now to cheer the spirit and charm the conversation of his old, old age. And I also once knew another old man who was educated at a country school in the State of Massachusetts about the same time or somewhat later, and he, too, used to talk a great deal about his early school-days, but nearly always with bitterness, with fault-finding, with sarcasm, with censorious criticism. I suppose the difference between the two might most readily be accounted for by the difference in the character of the two schools, but I felt sure that it was also owing very largely to the difference in the spirit of the two men. For the kind of memories that we garner into our hearts as we pass through this human life depends as much on the subjective spirit as on the objective event. Young ladies, I do hope that in future years when your mind shall revert to your college-life in Milledgeville, it will be in the spirit of that generous-hearted Georgian that rejected the bitter and treasured only the sweets of his early school-days.

In behalf of your Alma Mater I ask you, in the

language of the motto of the Brotherhood of Elks, "Let her faults be written in sand, but let her virtues be engraven in enduring letters on the tablets of your heart!"

Oh, blessed is the man or woman who as he journeys through this vale of smiles and tears gathers into the garner of his soul an abundant harvest of sweet, simple, noble memories; who, as he turns the pages or closes the chapters in his life's story, may frequently and truly say, "*Haec nobis meminisse olim juvabit!*"

Young ladies, I believe that one of the best tests by which the real culture, the deep culture of any person may be judged is by the kind of memories that he has treasured up, by the kind of memories that are dearest and most sacred to him. Open your mind to me and let me see the memory treasures that you have stored away in the sanctuaries of your soul and in all the secret chambers of your heart, and I can tell you the kind of spirit with which you are endowed and the kind of culture that you have acquired.

As the various and multiform events and experiences occur in our lives, how little do we know, how little do we suspect the rank that each will take in memory. It is not until long years after the events have occurred that the soul, by some subtle psychic law with which the will has naught to do, gives to each event its spiritual value.

It sometimes happens, strange as it may seem, that we remember with greatest pleasure, or at least with deepest gratification, events and experiences which at the time of their occurrence were full of pain and suffering for us, as of dangers bravely met, difficulties laboriously overcome, adversities nobly conquered, hardships heroically borne! Such were

the memories of which Æneas speaks in his "*Haec nobis meminisse olim juvabit!*" Such are the memories that old soldiers bear of arduous campaigns and bloody battlefields. And, young ladies, probably such will be some of your most gratifying memories of your student-life at the Georgia Normal and Industrial College.

Again, it sometimes happens that sad events, the great, deep sorrows of our lives, are mellowed by time into the sweetest of memories. Emerson says, "The room in which the corpse of our best beloved hath lain becomes to us on that very account one of the sweetest and pleasantest places." Then again, and perhaps still more frequently, it happens that happy and joyous events and experiences become under certain conditions and in certain moods of our mind, the mournfulest of memories. How beautifully is this truth suggested in those exquisite lines of Tennyson:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears when to dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

And still more touchingly the same idea is suggested in that sweet psalm of David, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down and wept, yea we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof; for those that oppressed us required of us mirth, and they that carried us away captives said sing us one of the songs of Zion, but how can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

But, young ladies, it seems to me that the most significant truth in the psychology of memory is this, that our dearest and most precious memories and those that exert the most powerful influence over our lives are nearly always about simple things, of events and experiences that are not far to seek but that occur in the ordinary course of any ordinary human life, that are the common heritage of all mankind, that spring, as it were, spontaneously from the very heart of nature. Wordsworth, in his little poem, "Daffodils," gives us a profound hint of this truth. Says the poem:

"I wandered, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet's heart could but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

“For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.”

And the same thought is suggested in the closing lines of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper":

“Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending,
I saw her singing at her work
And o'er her sickle bending;—
I listened motionless and still;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.”

As from the bosom of mother earth spontaneously sprang the daffodils that made so deep and lasting an impression on the poet's mind, as from the lips of the untutored maiden spontaneously flowed the simple song that lingered so long and sweetly in the poet's heart, so from the bosom of every-day human existence, so from the bosom of every-day human loves and affections, spontaneously spring those experiences in our lives that in long years afterwards become our dearest and most precious memories.

The touch of a hand, the tone of a voice, the expression of a countenance, the loving light beaming from kindly eyes, the sympathetic word or the inspiring word spoken just at the fitting time, gracious actions, unselfish deeds, the loyalty of devoted hearts, the simple and sweet amenities of family and social life, warm personal friendships, deep personal loves,

some rare and beautiful human spirit with whom mayhap it has been our blessed privilege to dwell during the formative period of our lives, some great and lofty nature that we have known in our youth and that stands in our mind in matchless grandeur like the Apollo Belvedere among the statues—these and the like of these are the elements that go to make the sweetness, the beauty, the gladness, the glory, the sacredness of this human existence of ours, and these are the elements that go to make those experiences in our lives that in after years become our dearest and most precious memories. Such memories, dwelling quietly in the human soul, frequently exert a powerful influence for good over the disposition, character, and conduct of men and of women. God pity the man, God pity the woman, whose life is not enriched with such memories. God grant, my young friends, that your lives may be abundantly so enriched, and I do hope that among these precious memory treasures, some of the dearest and most precious may be those that you have garnered into your hearts during your student-life at Milledgeville.

And so, my dear young friends, I end as I began, earnestly trusting that when to-morrow you shall bid farewell to your Alma Mater, and fast-moving trains shall bear you swiftly away from Milledgeville with its majestic old capitol, its grand old mansion, its modern college buildings, its elm-shaded streets, its environing hills, its traditions of the past, and its life of the present, the warm young heart of each one of you, as you wave your final adieus, may echo the sentiment of the Trojan hero, "*O socii, haec nobis meminisse olim juvabit!*"—"O classmates, it will be pleasing to us to remember these things hereafter!"

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